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SAINTS.

I SEE them with their heavenward eyes,
Men who in Christ abide;
The long train ceases not to rise
Through time's unceasing tide,
And a grave across each pathway lies
But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll upreaching to a star,
Caught by an angel's hand,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass; each man beholds
The Master's risen face,
Each arm some near beloved enfolds,
Yet keeps its forward place,
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
But all are in the race.

Up, through the darkness and the pain,
Up, through the joy and light,
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
To baffle or invite,
Life shows them nothing to detain,
Death, nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
By all things bitter, healed;
Gathering like servants sent in haste
Who, being challenged, yield,
And through the garden on the waste,
Guide to God's happy field.

To them each human loss is gain
Withdrawn or sacrificed,
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
And that, which long enticed,
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone
Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of pity for his own,
Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift
And it devours the way,
Longing to see the curtain lift
From the everlasting day;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
How weary the delay!

Lord, gather us beneath their feet
As thy good will shall be!
The service of thy saints is sweet
When they are serving thee;
Souls for inheritance unmeet
May serve eternally.

Good Words.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

DREAMLAND.

DREAMING of kindlier, warmer suns,
Dreaming of happier hours,
We dwell in a future that never sheds
O'er our heads its living flowers;
In fancy we gather with eager glee
What fate dooms to perish in infancy.

The youth is dreaming of laurels won
On the battle-field of life,
He sees the hour of triumph near,
Nor recks of the years of strife;
Yet his flashing eye shall be sunk and dim
Ere the victor's wreath may be wove for him.

The maiden dreameth the dearest dream
The human heart may treasure,
Of a sun-lit home where faith and love
Flow forth in ceaseless measure;
Let her dream, — nor whisper the future brings
No rainbow hues on its darkening wings.

Let them dream — they will rouse at duty's
call,
Eager for nobler doing,
Will catch the light on her steel-crowned
helm,
And turn from fancy's wooing,
And visions of love and of fame will die
As the sunset gleam from the wintry sky.

And yet, — though the dreams of earth be fair,
God grant that a dreamless sleep
May seal the eyes that have learned too well
O'er waking thoughts to weep;
Till a morn shall break in their dazzled sight,
Crowning earth's dreams with a truer light.
Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

THE SONG-BIRD.

"L'oiseau posé sur des rameaux tout frères chante
pourtant sachant qu'il a des ailes."

THE song-bird singeth on the bough,
His song is never sad;
The bough is frail, the wind is high,
And yet his song is glad, —
He knoweth he hath wings.

That carol riseth higher yet
When morning turneth night to day,
And still some notes when passing clouds
Obscure the heavenly ray, —
He knoweth he hath wings.

O Thou whose voice the spirits hear,
Speak to our souls in doubt or fear,
And tell us we have wings;

Bid every dark misgiving cease,
And all be confidence and peace, —
Oh tell us we have wings.

Golden Hours.

A. M. JEAFFRESON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
ADAM SMITH AS A PERSON.

OF Adam Smith's political economy almost an infinite quantity has been said; but very little has been said as to Adam Smith himself. And yet not only was he one of the most curious of human beings, but his books can hardly be understood without having some notion what manner of man he was. There certainly are economical treatises that go straight on, and that might have been written by a calculating machine. But the "Wealth of Nations" is not one of these. Any one who would explain what is in it, and what is not in it, must apply the "historical method," and state what was the experience of its author and how he worked up that experience. Perhaps, therefore, now that there is a sort of centenary of Adam Smith, it may not be quite amiss to give a slight sketch of him and of his life, and especially of the peculiar points in them that led him to write the book which still in its effects, even more than in its theory, occupies mankind.

The founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. "It is related," he says, "by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech, sirs, to see the like o' him to be aboot. And yet he is weel enough put on' (dressed).

It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopt; but he was heard to go on muttering, 'Deil care, deil care, it's all true.' And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes.

The wonder that such a man should have composed the "Wealth of Nations," which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupations of mankind, is enhanced by the mode in which it was written. It was not the exclusive product of a lifelong study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a "History of Civilization," and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces which have raised man from the savage to the civilized state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted to trace not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born (as he thought) with few faculties, came to attain to many and great faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man—race or individual—come to be what he is? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history; and as a rule, the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his studies too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in Adam Smith's case the very contrary is true; he produced an enduring particular result in consequence of a comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for "the natural progress of opulence," and he investigated the progress of opu-

lence as part of the growth and progress of all things.

The best way to get a distinct notion of Adam Smith's scheme is to look at the other works which he published besides the "Wealth of Nations." The greatest, and the one which made his original reputation, was the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which he builds up the whole moral nature of man out of a single primitive emotion-sympathy, and in which he gives a history of ethical philosophy besides. With this are commonly bound up some "Considerations concerning the first Formation of Languages," which discuss how "two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the society of man, would naturally begin their converse." Then there is a very curious "History of Astronomy," left imperfect; and another fragment on the "History of Ancient Physics," which is a kind of sequel to that part of the "History of Astronomy" which relates to the ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on ancient logic and metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, the imitative arts, painting, poetry, and music, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, "of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts." And he destroyed before his death the remains of the book, "Lectures on Justice," "in which," we are told by a student who heard them, "he followed Montesquieu in endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing correspondent alterations in law and government;" or, as he himself announces it at the conclusion of the "Moral Sentiments," "another discourse" in which he designs "to endeavor to give an account of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society, not only in what concerns justice, but in what con-

cerns police, revenue, and arms, and whatever else is the subject of law." Scarcely any philosopher has imagined a vaster dream.

Undoubtedly it is a great literary marvel that so huge a scheme, on so many abstract subjects, should have produced anything valuable, still more that it should have produced what has been for a whole century a fundamental book on trade and money—at first sight, the least fit for a secluded man to treat at all, and which, if he did treat of them, would seem more than any other to require from him an absorbed and exclusive attention. A little study of the life of Adam Smith, however, in some degree lessens the wonder; because it shows how in the course of his universal studies he came to meet with this particular train of thought, and how he came to be able to pursue it effectually.

Adam Smith was born early in the first half of the eighteenth century, at Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, on the 5th June, 1713. His father died before he was born; but his mother, who is said to have been a woman of unusual energy and ability, lived to be very old, and to see her son at the height of his reputation as a philosopher. He was educated at school in the usual Scotch way, and at the University of Glasgow; and at both he is said, doubtless truly, to have shown an unusual facility of acquisition, and an unusual interest in books and study. As we should also expect, a very strong memory, which he retained till the last, showed itself very early. Nothing, however, is known with precision as to the amount of knowledge he acquired in Scotland, or as to his place among his contemporaries. The examination system, which nowadays in England discriminates both so accurately, has in Scotland never been equally developed, and in Adam Smith's time had never been heard of there at all.

His exceptional training begins at the next stage. There is at the University of Glasgow a certain endowment called the Snell exhibition, after the name of its founder, which enables the students selected for it to study for some years at the University of Oxford. Of these exhibitioners Adam Smith became one, and as such

studied at Oxford for as many as seven years. As might be expected, he gives the worst account of the state of the university at that time. In the sketch of the history of education which forms so odd an episode in the "Wealth of Nations," he shows perpetually that he thought the system which he had seen at Oxford exceedingly bad, and its government excessively corrupt. "If," he says, "the authority to which a teacher is subject resides in the body corporate of the college or university of which he is himself a member, and in which the greater part of the other members are, like himself, persons who either are or ought to be teachers, they are likely to make a common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another, and every man to consent that his neighbor may neglect his duty, provided he is himself allowed to neglect his own." "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." And he adds, "In England, the public schools are much less corrupted than the universities. In the schools, the youth are taught, or at least may be taught, Greek and Latin. That is everything which the masters pretend to teach, or which it is expected they should teach. In the universities, the youth neither are taught, nor can always find the means of being taught, the sciences which it is the business of these incorporated bodies to teach." And he retained through life a fixed belief that endowments for education tended only to the "ease" of the teacher, and not to the advantage of the learner. But though he says he had the means of learning little at Oxford, he certainly, in fact, learnt much. "Greek," as Sydney Smith says, "never crossed the Tweed in any force;" but Adam Smith incessantly shows a real familiarity with Greek books and a sound accumulation of Greek learning. Very likely his erudition would not bear much comparison with what is now carried away from Balliol. If we compare him with a more recent Snell exhibitor, Sir William Hamilton, we shall see that Greek teaching has enormously advanced in the time between

them; but, on the other hand, if we compare Adam Smith with Scotch philosophers of purely Scotch education, say with Reid or Hume, we cannot help seeing that his acquaintance with Greek things belongs, both in quantity and in quality, to an order altogether superior to theirs.

For the vast works which Adam Smith contemplated, a sound knowledge of Greek was, as he must have felt, far more necessary than any other kind of knowledge. The beginnings of nine-tenths of all philosophy are to be found there, and the rudiments of many other things. But for the purpose of the great task which he actually performed, Adam Smith learned at Oxford something much more valuable than Greek. He acquired there a kind of knowledge and sympathy with England, in which the other eminent Scotchmen—especially literary Scotchmen—of his time were often very deficient. At that time the recollection of the old rivalry between the two countries had by no means died away; there was still a separate Scotch philosophy and a separate literature; and when it happened, as it perpetually did, that Scotch writers were not thought so much of in England as they thought they ought to be, they were apt to impute their discredit to English prejudice, and to appeal to France and Paris to correct the error. Half Hume's mind, or more than half, was distorted by his hatred of England, and his love of France. He often could not speak of English things with tolerable temper, and he always viewed French ones with extravagant admiration. Whether Adam Smith altogether liked this country may perhaps be doubted—Englishmen then hated Scotchmen so much—but he had no kind of antagonism to her, and quite understood that in most economical respects she was then exceedingly superior to France. And this exceptional sympathy and knowledge we may fairly ascribe to a long and pleasant residence in England. For his great work no qualification was more necessary; the "Wealth of Nations" would have been utterly spoiled if he had tried (as Hume incessantly would have tried) to show that,

in industrial respects, England might not be better than France, or at any rate was not so very much better.

The Snell foundation at Oxford has often been an avenue to the English Church, and it seems to have been intended that Adam Smith should use it as such. The only anecdote which remains of his college life may be a clue to his reasons for not doing so. He is said to have been found by his tutor in the act of reading Hume's "Philosophical Essays," then lately published, and to have been reproved for it. And it is certain that any one who at all sympathized with Hume's teaching in that book would have felt exceedingly little sympathy with the formularies of the Church of England, even as they were understood in the very Broad Church of that age. At any rate, for some reason or other, Adam Smith disappointed the wishes of his friends, gave up all idea of entering the Church of England, and returned to Scotland without fixed outlook or employment. He resided, we are told, two years with his mother, studying no doubt, but earning nothing, and visibly employed in nothing. In England such a career would probably have ended in his "writing for the booksellers," a fate of which he speaks in the "Wealth of Nations" with contempt. But in Scotland there was a much better opening for philosophers. The Scotch universities had then, as now, several professorships very fairly paid, and very fairly distributed. The educated world in Scotland was probably stronger a century ago than it ever was before or since. The union with England had removed the aristocracy of birth which overshadowed it before, and commerce had not yet created the aristocracy of wealth which overshadows it now. Philosophical merit had therefore then in Scotland an excellent chance of being far better rewarded than it usually is in the world. There were educated people who cared for philosophy, and these people had prizes to give away. One of those prizes Adam Smith soon obtained. He read lectures, we are told, under the patronage of Lord Kames, an eminent lawyer who wrote books on philosophy, that are still quoted, and who was no doubt deeply interested in Adam Smith's plans of books on the origin and growth of all arts and sciences, as these were the topics which he himself studied and handled. Contrary to what might have been expected, these lectures were very successful. Though silent and awkward in social life, Adam Smith possessed in consider-

able perfection the peculiarly Scotch gift of abstract oratory. Even in common conversation, when once moved, he expounded his favorite ideas very admirably. As a teacher in public he did even better; he wrote almost nothing, and though at the beginning of a lecture he often hesitated, we are told, and seemed "not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject," yet in a minute or two he became fluent, and poured out an interesting series of animated arguments. Commonly, indeed, the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings. Adam Smith acquired great reputation as a lecturer, and in consequence obtained two of the best prizes then given to philosophers in Scotland—first the professorship of logic, and then that of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow.

The rules, or at any rate the practice, of the Scotch universities, seem at that time to have allowed a professor in either of these chairs, great latitude in the choice of his subject. Adam Smith during his first year lectured on rhetoric and belles-lettres "instead of on logic," and in the chair of moral philosophy he expounded, besides the theory of duty, a great scheme of social evolution. The beginnings of the "Wealth of Nations" made part of the course, but only as a fragment of the immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or, as we may perhaps put it, not inappropriately, of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman. This course of lectures seems to have been especially successful. So high, we are told, was his reputation as a professor, "that a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the university merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable" in the city, "and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities of his pronunciation and manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation." This is the partial recollection of an attached pupil in distant years; it may be over-colored a little, but even after a fair abatement it is certainly the record of a great temporary triumph and local success.

That the greater part of the lectures can have been of much intrinsic merit it is not now easy to believe. An historical account "of the great principles of law

and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," would be too great a task for a great scholar of the ripest years and with all the accumulated materials of the present time, and it was altogether beyond the strength of a young man a century ago; not to say that he combined it with an account of the origin of the moral faculties, a theory of belles-lettres, and other matters. The delivery of that part of the course which was concerned with wealth and revenue may have been useful to him, because it compelled him to bring his ideas on those subjects into a distinct form. Otherwise, being a bookish man, he might have been too absorbed in bookish matters, and neglected what can only be taught by life for that which is already to be learned from literature. But at the time this was only a minor merit: the main design of the lectures was only an impossible aim at an unbounded task.

So complex, however, is life, that this Scotch professorship, though in a superficial view wasteful, and likely to exhaust and hurt his mind by the constant efflux of inferior matter, was, nevertheless, on the whole exceedingly useful. It not only induced him to study as a part of his vast scheme the particular phenomena of wealth, but it gave him an excellent opportunity of seeing those phenomena and of learning how to explain them. It was situated at Glasgow, and Glasgow, though a petty place in comparison with its present magnitude, was nevertheless a considerable mercantile place according to the notions of those times. The union with England had opened to it the trade with our West-Indian colonies, as well as with the rest of the English empire, and it had in consequence grown rapidly and made large profits. That its size was small, as we should think now, was to a learner rather an aid than a disadvantage. A small commerce is more easily seen than an immense one; that of Liverpool or London now is so vast that it terrifies more than excites the imagination. And a small commerce, if varied, has almost as much to teach as a large one; the elements are the same though the figures are smaller, and the less the figures the easier are they to combine. An inspection of Liverpool now would not teach much more than an inspection of Glasgow a hundred years ago, and the lessons of modern Liverpool would be much more difficult to learn. But the mere sight of the phenomena of the commerce was but a small part

of the advantage to Adam Smith of a residence at Glasgow. The most characteristic and most valuable tenets of Adam Smith are, when examined, by no means of a very abstract and recondite sort. We are, indeed, in this generation not fully able to appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them. We have been bred up upon them; our disposition is more to wonder how any one could help seeing them, than to appreciate the effort of discovering them. Experience shows that many of them — the doctrine of free-trade for example — are very uncongenial to the untaught human mind. On political economy the English-speaking race is undoubtedly the best-instructed part of mankind; and, nevertheless, in the United States and in every English-speaking colony, protection is the firm creed of the ruling classes, and free-trade is but a heresy. We must not fancy that any of the main doctrines of Adam Smith were very easily arrived at by him because they seem very obvious to us. But, on the other hand, although such doctrines as his are too opposed to many interests and to many first impressions to establish themselves easily as a dominant creed, they are quite within the reach and quite congenial to the taste of an intelligent dissenting minority. There was a whole race of mercantile free-traders long before Adam Smith was born; in his time the doctrine was in the air; it was not accepted or established, — on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son, — still it was known as a tempting heresy, and one against which a warning was needed. In Glasgow there were doubtless many heretics. Probably in consequence of the firm belief in a rigid theology, and of the incessant discussion of its technical tenets, there has long been, and there is still, in the south of Scotland, a strong tendency to abstraction and argument quite unknown in England. Englishmen have been sometimes laughing at it, and sometimes gravely criticising it for several generations; Mr. Buckle wrote half a volume on it; Sydney Smith alleged that he heard a Scotch girl answer in a quadrille, "But, my lord, as to what ye were saying as to love in the *abstract*," and so on. Yet, in spite both of ridicule and argument, the passion for doctrine is still strong in southern Scotland, and it will take many years more to root it out. At Glasgow in Adam Smith's time it had no doubt very great influence; a certain number of hard-headed merchants were believers in free-trade and kindred tenets.

One of these is still by chance known to us. Dr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Gladstone not unhappily described as a "gentleman clergyman" of the Church of Scotland, tells us of a certain Provost Cochrane, to whom Adam Smith always acknowledged his obligations, and who was the founder and leading member of a club "in which the express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge on that subject to each other." From this club Adam Smith not only learned much which he would never have found in any book, but also in part perhaps acquired the influential and so to say practical way of explaining things which so much distinguishes the "Wealth of Nations." Mr. Mill says he learned from his intercourse with East-India directors the habit of looking for, and the art of discovering, "the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit;" and Adam Smith probably gained something of this sort by living with the Glasgow merchants, for no other book written by a learned professor shows anything like the same power of expressing and illustrating arguments in a way likely to influence minds like theirs. And it is mainly by his systematic cultivation of this borderland between theory and practice that Adam Smith attained his pre-eminent place and influence.

But this usefulness of his Scotch professorship was only in the distant future. It was something for posterity to detect, but it could not have been known at the time. The only pages of his professional work which Adam Smith then gave to the public were his lectures on moral philosophy, in what an Englishman would consider its more legitimate sense. These formed the once celebrated "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which, though we should now think them rather pompous, were then much praised and much read. For a great part, indeed, of Adam Smith's life they constituted his main title to reputation. The "Wealth of Nations" was not published till seventeen years later; he wrote nothing else of any importance in the interval; and it is now curious to find that when the "Wealth of Nations" was published, many good judges thought it not so good as the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and that the author himself was by no means certain that they were not right.

The "Theory of Moral Sentiments" was, indeed, for many years, exceedingly

praised. One sect of philosophers praised it, as it seems to me, because they were glad of a celebrated ally, and another because they were glad of a celebrated opponent: the first said, "See that so great an authority as Adam Smith concurs with us;" and the second replied, "But see how very weak his arguments are; if so able an arguer as Adam Smith can say so little for your doctrines, how destitute of argumentative grounds those doctrines must be." Several works in the history of philosophy have had a similar fate. But a mere student of philosophy who cares for no sect, and wants only to know the truth, will nowadays, I think, find little to interest him in this celebrated book. In Adam Smith's mind, as I have said before, it was part of a whole; he wanted to begin with the origin of the faculties of each man, and then build up that man — just as he wished to arrive at the origin of human society, and then build up society. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments" builds them all out of one source, sympathy, and in this way he has obtained praise from friends and enemies. His friends are the school of "moral sense" thinkers, because he is on their side, and believes in a special moral faculty, which he laboriously constructs from sympathy; his enemies are the utilitarian school, who believe in no such special faculty, and who set themselves to show that his labor has been in vain, and that no such faculty has been so built up. One party says the book is good to gain authority for the conclusion, and the other to gain credit by refuting its arguments. For unquestionably its arguments *are* very weak, and attractive to refutation. If the intuitive school had had no better grounds than these, the utilitarians would have vanquished them ages since. There is a fundamental difficulty in founding morals on sympathy; an obvious confusion of two familiar sentiments. We often sympathize where we cannot approve, and approve where we cannot sympathize. The special vice of party spirit is that it effaces the distinction between the two; we sympathize with our party, till we approve its actions. There is a story of a Radical wit in the last century who was standing for Parliament, and his opponent, of course a Tory, objected that he was always *against* the king whether right or wrong, upon which the wit retorted that on his own showing the Tory was exposed to equal objection, since he was always *for* the king whether right or wrong. And so it will always be. Even the wisest party men more or less

sympathize with the errors of their own side; they would be powerless if they did not so; they would gain no influence if they were not of like passions with those near them. Adam Smith could not help being aware of this obvious objection; he was far too able a reasoner to elaborate a theory without foreseeing what would be said against it. But the way in which he tries to meet the objection only shows that the objection is invincible. He sets up a supplementary theory — a little epicycle — that the sympathy which is to test good morals must be the sympathy of an "impartial spectator." But, then, who is to watch the watchman? Who is to say when the spectator is impartial, and when he is not? If he sympathizes with one side, the other will always say that he is partial. As a moralist, the supposed spectator must warmly approve good actions, and warmly disapprove bad actions; as an impartial person he must never do either the one or the other. He is a fiction of inconsistent halves; if he sympathizes he is not impartial, and if he is impartial he does not sympathize. The radical vice of the theory is shown by its requiring this accessory invention of a being both hot and cold, because the essence of the theory is to identify the passion which loves with the sentiment which approves.

But although we may now believe the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" to be of inconsiderable philosophical value, and though it would at first sight seem very little likely to contribute to the production of the "Wealth of Nations," yet it was, in fact, in a curious way most useful to it. The education of young noblemen has always been a difficulty in the world, and many schemes have been invented to meet it. In Scotland, a hundred years ago, the most fashionable way was to send them to travel in Europe, and to send with them some scholar of repute to look after their morals and to superintend their general education. The guardians of the great border nobleman, the Duke of Buccleugh, were in want of such a tutor to take him such a tour, and it seems to have struck them that Adam Smith was the very person adapted for the purpose. To all appearance an odder selection could hardly have been made. Adam Smith was, as we have seen, the most absent of men, and an awkward Scotch professor, and he was utterly unacquainted with the Continent. He had never crossed the English Channel in his life, and if he had been left to himself would probably never have

done so. But one of the guardians was Charles Townshend, who had married the young duke's mother. He was not much unlike Mr. Disraeli in character, and had great influence at that time. He read the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and Hume writes to Adam Smith: "Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the duke under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this I called on him twice with a view of talking with him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow; for I could not hope that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship. But I missed him. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so perhaps you need not build much on this sally." Mr. Townshend was, however, this time in earnest, and the offer was made to Adam Smith. In our time there would have been an insuperable difficulty. He was a professor of great repute, they were asking him to give up a life-professorship that yielded a considerable income, and they would have hardly been able to offer him anything equally permanent. But in the eighteenth century there was a way of facilitating such arrangements that we do not now possess. The family of Buccleugh had great political influence, and Charles Townshend, the duke's father-in-law, at times possessed more; and accordingly the guardians of the young duke therefore agreed that they should pay Adam Smith £200 a year till they should get him an equal office of profit under the crown — a person apparently more unfit for the public service could not easily have been found, but in that age of sinecures and pensions it was probably never expected that he should perform any service. An arrangement more characteristic of the old world, and more unlike our present world could hardly have been made. The friends of the young duke might, not unnaturally, have had some fears about it; but, in fact, for his interests it turned out very well. Long afterwards, when Adam Smith was dead, he wrote: "In October, 1766, we returned to London, after having spent near three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship

till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue." Very few of Charles Townshend's caprices were as successful. Through life there was about Adam Smith a sort of lumbering *bon-homie* which amused and endeared him to those around him.

To Adam Smith the result was even better. If it had not been for this odd consequence of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," he might have passed all his life in Scotland, delivering similar lectures and clothing very questionable theories in rather pompous words. He said in after life that there was no better way of compelling a man to master a science than by setting him to teach it. And this may be true of the definite sciences. But nothing can be conceived worse for a man of inventive originality than to set him to roam over huge subjects like law, morals, politics, and civilization, particularly at a time when few good data for sound theories on such subjects are at hand for him to use. In such a position the cleverer the man, the worse are likely to be the consequences: the wider his curiosity and the more fertile his mind, the surer he is to pour out a series of gigantic conjectures of little use to himself or to any one. A one-eyed man with a taste for one subject, even at this disadvantage, may produce something good. The limitation of his mind may save him from being destroyed by his position; but a man of large interests will fail utterly. As Adam Smith had peculiarly wide interests, and as he was the very reverse of a one-eyed man, he was in special danger; and the mere removal from his professorship was to him a gain of the first magnitude. It was of cardinal importance to him to be delivered from the production of incessant words and to be brought into contact with facts and the world. And as it turned out, the caprice of Charles Townshend had a singular further felicity. It not only brought him into contact with facts and the world; but with the most suitable sort of facts, and for his purpose the best part of the world.

The greater part of his three years abroad were naturally spent in France. France was then by far the greatest country on the Continent. Germany was divided and had not yet risen; Spain had fallen; Italy was of little account. In one respect, indeed, France was relatively greater than even at the time of her great-

est elevation, the time of the first Napoleon. The political power of the first empire was almost unbounded, but it had no intellectual power; under it Paris had ceased to be an important focus of thought and literature. The vehement rule which created the soldiers also stamped out the ideas. But under the mild government of the old *régime*, Paris was the principal centre of European authorship. The deficiency of the old *régime* in eminent soldiers and statesmen only added to the eminence of its literary men. Paris was then queen of two worlds, in that of politics by a tradition from the past, and in literature by a force and life vigorously evidenced in the present. France therefore thus attracted the main attention of all travellers who cared for the existing life of the time; Adam Smith and his pupil spent the greater part of their stay abroad there. And as a preparation for writing the "Wealth of Nations," he could nowhere else have been placed so well. Macaulay says that "ancient abuses and new theories" flourished together in France just before the meeting of the States-General in greater vigor than they had been seen combined before or since. And the description is quite as true economically as politically; on all economical matters the France of that time was a sort of museum stocked with the most important errors.

By nature then, as now, France was fitted to be a great agricultural country, a great producer and exporter of corn and wine; but her legislators for several generations had endeavored to counteract the aim of nature, and had tried to make her a manufacturing and an exporting country. Like most persons in those times, they had been prodigiously impressed by the high position which the maritime powers, as they were then called (the comparatively little powers of England and Holland), were able to take in the politics of Europe. They saw that this influence came from wealth, that this wealth was made in trade and manufacture, and therefore they determined that France should not be behindhand, but should have as much trade and manufacture as possible. Accordingly they imposed prohibitive or deterring duties on the importation of foreign manufactures; they gave bounties to the corresponding home manufactures. They tried, in opposition to the home-keeping bent of the French character, to found colonies abroad. These colonies were, according to the maxim then everywhere received, to be

markets for the trade and nurseries for the commerce of the mother country; they were mostly forbidden to manufacture for themselves, and were compelled to import all the manufactures and luxuries they required from Europe exclusively in French ships. Meanwhile, at home, agriculture was neglected. There was not even a free passage for goods from one part of the country to another. As Adam Smith himself describes it:—

“In France, the different revenue laws which take place in the different provinces, require a multitude of revenue officers to surround, not only the frontiers of the kingdom, but those of almost each particular province, in order either to prevent the importation of certain goods, or to subject it to the payment of certain duties, to the no small interruption of the interior commerce of the country. Some provinces are allowed to compound for the *gabelle* or salt-tax. Others are exempted from it altogether. Some provinces are exempted from the exclusive sale of tobacco, which the farmers-general enjoy through the greater part of the kingdom. The aids, which correspond to the excise in England, are very different in different provinces. Some provinces are exempted from them, and pay a composition or equivalent. In those in which they take place and are in farm, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. The *traites*, which correspond to our customs, divide the kingdom into three great parts; first, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1664, which are called the provinces of the five great farms, and under which are comprehended Picardy, Normandy, and the greater part of the interior provinces of the kingdom; secondly, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1667, which are called the provinces reckoned foreign, and under which are comprehended the greater part of the frontier provinces; and, thirdly, those provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, or which, because they are allowed a free commerce with foreign countries, are in their commerce with the other provinces of France subjected to the same duties as other foreign countries. These are Alsace, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the three cities of Dunkirk, Bayonne, and Marseilles. Both in the provinces of the five great farms (called so on account of an antient division of the duties of customs into five great branches, each of which was originally the subject of a particular farm, though they are now

all united into one), and in those which are said to be reckoned foreign, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. There are some such even in the provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, particularly in the city of Marseilles. It is unnecessary to observe how much, both the restraints upon the interior commerce of the country, and the number of the revenue officers must be multiplied, in order to guard the frontiers of those different provinces and districts, which are subject to such different systems of taxation.”

And there were numerous attendant errors, such as generally accompany a great protective legislation, but which need not be specified in detail.

In consequence, the people were exceedingly miserable. The system of taxation was often enough by itself to cause great misery. “In the provinces,” says Adam Smith, “where the personal *taille* on the farmer is imposed, the farmer is afraid to have a good team of horses or oxen, but endeavours to cultivate with the meanest and most wretched instruments of husbandry that he can.” The numerous imposts on the land due from the peasantry to the nobles had the same effect even then—most of the country was practically held in a kind of double ownership; the peasant cultivator had usually, by habit if not by law, a fixed hold upon the soil, but he was subject in the cultivation of it to innumerable exactions of varying kinds, which the lord could change pretty much as he chose. “In France,” continues Adam Smith, so oddly contrary to everything which we should say now, “the interior ranks of the people must suffer patiently the usage which their superiors choose to inflict on them.” The country in Europe where there is now, perhaps, the most of social equality was then the one in which there was, perhaps, the least.

And side by side with this museum of economical errors there was a most vigorous political economy which exposed them. The doctrines of free-trade had been before several times suggested by isolated thinkers, but by far the most powerful combined school of philosophers who incessantly inculcated them were the French *économistes*. They delighted in proving that the whole structure of the French laws upon industry was utterly wrong; that prohibitions ought not to be imposed on the import of foreign manufactures; that bounties ought not to be

given to native ones; that the exportation of corn ought to be free; that the whole country ought to be a fiscal unit; that there should be no duty between any province; and so on in other cases. No one could state the abstract doctrines on which they rested everything more clearly. "*Acheter, c'est vendre*," said Quesnay, the founder of the school, "*vendre, c'est acheter*." You cannot better express the doctrine of modern political economy than "trade is barter." "Do not attempt," Quesnay continues, "to fix the price of your products, goods, or services; they will escape your rules. Competition alone can regulate prices with equity; it alone restricts them to a moderation which varies little; it alone attracts with certainty provisions where they are wanted or labor where it is required." "That which we call dearness is the only remedy of dearness: dearness causes plenty." Any quantity of sensible remarks to this effect might be disinterred from these writers. They were not always equally wise.

As the prime maxim of the ruling policy was to encourage commerce and neglect agriculture, this sect set up a doctrine that agriculture was the only source of wealth, and that trade and commerce contributed nothing to it. The labor of artificers and merchants was sterile; that of agriculturists was alone truly productive. The way in which they arrived at this strange idea was, if I understand it, something like this: they took the whole agricultural produce of a country, worth say £5,000,000 as it stood in the hands of the farmer, and applied it thus:—

First, as we should say, in repayment of capital spent in wages, etc.,	£3,000,000
Secondly, in payment of profit by way of hire of capital say, or as subsistence to himself,	500,000
Total outlay,	£3,500,000

But that outlay of £3,500,000 has produced a value of £5,000,000; there is therefore an overplus over and above the outlay of £1,500,000; and this overplus, or *produit net* as the *économistes* call it, goes to the landlord for rent, as we should call it. But no other employment yields any similar *produit net*. A cotton-spinner only replaces his own capital, and obtains his profit on it; like the farmer (as they said), he pays the outlay, and he gains a profit or subsistence for himself. But he does no more. There is no extra overplus in farming; no balance, after paying wages

and hiring capital; nothing to go to any landlord. In the same way commerce is, according to this system, transfer only—the expense of distribution is paid; the necessary number of capitalists and of laborers are maintained, but that is all; there is nothing beyond the wages, and beyond the profit. In agriculture only is there a third element—a *produit net*.

From this doctrine the *économistes* drew two inferences, one very agreeable to agriculturists, the other very disagreeable; but both exactly opposite to the practice of their government. *First*, they said, as agriculture was the exclusive source of all wealth, it was absurd to depress it or neglect it, or to encourage commerce and manufacture in place of it. They had no toleration for the system of finance and commercial legislation which they saw around them, of which the one object was to make France a trading and manufacturing country, when nature meant it to be an agricultural one. *Secondly*, they inferred that most, if not all, the existing taxes in France were wrong in principle. "If," they argued, "agriculture is the only source of wealth, and if, as we know, wealth only can pay taxes, then all taxes should be imposed on agriculture." They reasoned: "In manufactures there is only a necessary hire of labor, and a similar hire of capital, at a cost which cannot be diminished; there is in them no available surplus for taxation. If you attempt to impose taxes on them, and if in name you make them pay such taxes, they will charge higher for their necessary work. They will in a roundabout way throw the burden of those taxes on agriculture. The *produit net* of the latter is the one real purse of the State; no other pursuit can truly pay anything, for it has no purse. And therefore," they summed up, "all taxes, save a single one on the *produit net*, were absurd. They only attempted to make those pay who could not pay; to extract money from fancied funds, in which there was no money." All the then existing taxes in France, therefore, they proposed to abolish, and to replace them by a single tax on agriculture only.

As this system was so opposed to the practice of the government, one would have expected that it should have been discountenanced, if not persecuted, by the government. But, in fact, it was rather favored by it. Quesnay, the founder of the system, had a place at court, and was under the special protection of the king's mistress, who was then the king's government. M. de Lavergne has

quoted a graphic description of him. "Quesnay," writes Marmontel, "well lodged in a small *appartement* in the *entresol* of Madame de Pompadour, only occupied himself from morning till night with political and agricultural economy. He believed that he had reduced the system to calculation, and to axioms of irresistible evidence; and as he was collecting a school, he gave himself the trouble to explain to me his new doctrine, in order to make me one of his proselytes. I applied all my force of comprehension to understand those truths which he told me were self-evident; but I found in them only vagueness and obscurity. To make him believe that I understood that which I really did not understand, was beyond my power; but I listened with patient docility, and left him the hope that in the end he would enlighten me, and make me believe his doctrine. I did more; I applauded his work, which I really thought very useful, for he tried to recommend agriculture in a country where it was too much disdained, and to turn many excellent understandings towards the study of it. While political storms were forming and dissolving above the *entresol* of Quesnay, he perfected his calculations and his axioms of rural economy, as tranquil and as indifferent to the movements of the court, as if he had been a hundred leagues off. Below, in the *salon* of Madame de Pompadour, they deliberated on peace or war—on the choice of generals—on the recall of ministers; while we in the *entresol* were reasoning on agriculture, calculating the *produit net*, or sometimes were dining gaily with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, Buffon; and Madame de Pompadour, not being able to induce this troop of philosophers to come down to her *salon*, came herself to see them at table, and to chat with them." An opposition philosophy has rarely been so petted and well treated. Much as the reign of Louis XVI. differed in most respects from that of Louis XV., it was like it in this patronage of the *économistes*. Turgot was made minister of finance, to reform France by applying their doctrines.

The reason of this favor to the *économistes* from the government was, that on the question in which the government took far the most interest the *économistes* were on its side. The daily want of the French government was more power; though nominally a despotism, it was feeble in reality. But the *économistes* were above all things anxious for a very strong government;

they held to the maxim, everything *for* the people, nothing *by* them; they had a horror of checks and counterpoises and resistances; they wished to do everything by the fiat of the sovereign. They had, in fact, the natural wish of eager speculators, to have an irresistible despotism behind them, and supporting them; and with the simplicity which marks so much of the political speculations of the eighteenth century, but which now seems so child-like, they never seemed to think how they were to get their despot, or how they were to ensure that he should be on their side. The painful experience of a hundred years has taught us that influential despotisms are not easy to make, and that good ones are still less so. But in their own time nothing could be more advantageous to the *économistes* than to have an eager zeal for a perfect despotism; in consequence they were patronized by the greatest existing authority, instead of being discountenanced by it.

This account of the *économistes* may seem to a reader who looks at Adam Smith exclusively by the light of modern political economy to be too long for their relation to him. But he would not have thought so himself. He so well knew how much his mind had been affected by them and by their teaching, that he at one time thought of dedicating the "Wealth of Nations" to Quesnay, their founder; and though he relinquished that intention, he always speaks of him with the gravest respect. If, indeed, we consider what Glasgow is now, still more what it must have been a hundred years ago, we shall comprehend the degree to which this French experience—this sight of a country so managed, and with such a political economy—must have excited the mind of Adam Smith. It was the passage from a world where there was no *spectacle* to one in which there was the best which the world has ever seen, and simultaneously the passage from the most Scotch of ideas to others the most un-Scotch. A feeble head would have been upset in the transit, but Adam Smith kept his.

From France he went home to Scotland, and stayed quietly with his mother at his native town of Kirkcaldy for a whole ten years. He lived on the annuity from the Duke of Buccleugh, and occupied himself in study only. What he was studying, if we considered the "Wealth of Nations" as a book of political economy only, we might be somewhat puzzled to say. But the contents of that book are, as has been said, most miscellaneous, and in its

author's mind it was but a fragment of an immensely larger whole. Much more than ten years' study would have been necessary for the entire book which he contemplated.

At last, in 1776, the "Wealth of Nations" was published, and was, on the whole, well received. Dr. Carlyle, indeed, preserves an impression that, in point of style, it was inferior to the "Theory of Moral Sentiments." But all competent readers were agreed as to the great value of the substance. And almost everybody will probably now think, in spite of Dr. Carlyle, that the style is very much better than that of the "Moral Sentiments." There is about the latter a certain showiness and an "air of the professor trying to be fascinating," which are not very agreeable; and, after all, there is a ponderous weight in the words which seems to bear down the rather flimsy matter. But the style of the "Wealth of Nations" is entirely plain and manly. The author had, in the interval, seen at least a little of the living world and of society, and had learnt that the greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be, and that the surest way to spoil an important book is to try to attract the attention of, to "write down" to, a class of readers too low to take a serious interest in the subject. A really great style, indeed, Adam Smith's certainly is not. Lord Mansfield is said to have told Boswell that he did not feel, in reading either Hume or Adam Smith, that he was reading English at all; and it was very natural that it should be so. English was not the mother tongue of either. Adam Smith had, no doubt, spoken somewhat broad Scotch for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life; probably he never spoke anything that could quite be called English till he went to Oxford. And nothing so much hampers the free use of the pen in any language as the incessant remembrance of a kindred but different one; you are never sure the idioms nature prompts are those of the tongue you would speak, or of the tongue you would reject. Hume and Adam Smith exemplify the difficulty in opposite ways. Hume is always idiomatic, but his idioms are constantly wrong; many of his best passages are, on that account, curiously grating and puzzling; you feel that they are very like what an Englishman would say, but yet that, after all, somehow or other, they are what he never would say; there is a minute seasoning of imperceptible difference which distracts your attention, and which you

are forever stopping to analyze. Adam Smith's habit was very different. His style is not colloquial in the least. He adheres to the heavy "book" English which he had found in the works of others, and was sure that he could repeat in his own. And in that sort of style he has eminent merit. No one ever has to read twice in him to gather meaning; no one can bring much valid objection to his way of expressing that meaning; there is even a sort of appropriateness, though often a clumsy sort, in his way of saying it. But the style has no intrinsic happiness; no one would read it for its own sake; the words do not cleave to the meaning, so that you cannot think of them without it, or it without them. This is only given to those who write in the speech of their childhood, and only to the very few of those — the five or six in every generation who have from nature the best grace, who think by inborn feeling in words at once charming and accurate.

Of the "Wealth of Nations" as an economical treatise, I have nothing to say now; but it is not useless to say that it is a very amusing book about old times. As it is dropping out of immediate use from change of times, it is well to observe that this very change brings it a new sort of interest of its own. There are few books in which there may be gathered more curious particulars of the old world. I cull at random almost that "a broad wheel waggon, attended by two men, and drawn by eight horses," then "in about six weeks' time carried and brought trade between London and Edinburgh;" — that in Adam Smith's opinion, if there were such an effectual demand for grain as would require a million tons of shipping to import it, the "navy of England," the mercantile navy of course, would not be sufficient for it; — that "Holland was the great emporium of European goods;" that she was, in proportion to the land and the number of inhabitants, by far the richest country in Europe; that she had the greatest share of the ocean-carrying trade; that her citizens possessed £40,000,000 in the French and English funds; — that in Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice, by the by-law of the corporation, and in Norfolk and Norwich no weaver more than two; — that if Adam Smith's eyes served him right, "the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same class of people in England, who are fed with wheaten

bread, and that they do not look or work as well;" that, which is odder still, the porters and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution — the strongest men and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions — are from the lowest ranks of people in Ireland, and fed with the potato; and that £1,000 share in India stock "gave a share not in the plunder, but in the appointment of the plunderers of India;" — that "the expense of the establishment of Massachusetts Bay, before the commencement of the late disturbances," that is, the American war, "used to be about £18,000 a year, and that of New York, £4,500;" that all the civil establishments in America did not at the same date cost £67,000 a year; — that, "in consequence of the monopoly of the American colonial market," the commerce of England, "instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel;" — that "the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, the undoubted right of the crown," "might be rendered another source of revenue more abundant, perhaps, than all" others from which much addition could be expected; — that Great Britain is, perhaps, since "the world began, the only State which has extended its empire" "without augmenting the area of its resources;" — that, and this is the final sentence of the book, "if any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavour to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances." A strange passage, considering all that has happened since, and all the provinces which we have since taken. No one can justly estimate the "Wealth of Nations" who thinks of it as a book of mere political economy, such as Quesnay had then written, or as Ricardo afterwards wrote; it is really both full of the most various kinds of facts and of thoughts often as curious on the most various kinds of subjects.

The effect of the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" on the fortunes of its author was very remarkable. It gave the Duke of Buccleugh the power of relieving himself of his annuity, by performing the equivalent clause in the bargain;

he obtained for Adam Smith a commissionership of customs for Scotland — an appointment of which we do not know the precise income, but which was clearly, according to the notions of those times, a very good one indeed. A person less fitted to fill it could not indeed easily have been found. Adam Smith had, as we have seen, never been used to pecuniary business of any kind; he had never even taken part in any sort of action out of such business; he was an absent and meditative student. It was indeed during his tenure of this office that, as I have said, he startled a subordinate who asked for his signature, by imitating the signature of the last commissioner instead of giving his own — of course in pure absence of mind. He was no doubt better acquainted with the theory of taxation than any other man of his time; he could have given a minister in the capital better advice than any one else as to what taxes he should or should not impose. But a commissioner of customs, in a provincial city, has nothing to do with the imposition of taxes, or with giving advice about them. His business simply is to see that those which already exist are regularly collected and methodically transmitted, which involves an infinity of transactions requiring a trained man of detail. But a man of detail Adam Smith certainly was not — at least of detail in business. Nature had probably not well fitted him for it, and his mode of life had completed the result, and utterly unfitted him. The appointment that was given him was one in which the great abilities which he possessed were useless, and in which much smaller ones, which he had not, would have been of extreme value.

But in another respect this appointment has been more blamed than I think is just. However small may be the value of Adam Smith's work at the custom-house, the effect of performing it and the time which it occupied prevented him from writing anything more. And it has been thought that posterity has in consequence suffered much. But I own that I doubt this exceedingly. Adam Smith had no doubt made a vast accumulation of miscellaneous materials for his great design. But these materials were probably of very second-rate value. Neither for the history of law, nor of science, nor art, had the preliminary work been finished, which is necessary before such a mind as Adam Smith's can usefully be applied to them. Before the theorizing philosopher must come the accurate historian. To write

the history either of law or science or art is enough for the life of any single man: neither have as yet been written with the least approach to completeness. The best of the fragments on these subjects, which we now have, did not exist in Adam Smith's time. There was, therefore, but little use in his thinking or writing at large about them. If he had set down for us some account of his residence in France, and the society which he saw there, posterity would have been most grateful to him. But this he had no idea of doing; and nobody would now much care for a series of elaborate theories, founded upon facts insufficiently collected.

Adam Smith lived for fourteen years after the publication of the "Wealth of Nations," but he wrote nothing, and scarcely studied anything. The duties of his office, though of an easy and routine character, which would probably have enabled a man bred to business to spend much of his time and almost all his mind on other things, were, we are told, enough "to waste his spirits and dissipate his attention." And not unnaturally, for those who have ever been used to give all their days to literary work rarely seem able to do that work when they are even in a slight degree struck and knocked against the world; only those who have scarcely ever known what it is to have unbroken calm are able to accomplish much without that calm. During these years Adam Smith's life passed easily and pleasantly in the Edinburgh society of that time—a very suitable one, for it was one to which professors and lawyers gave the tone, and of which intellectual exertion was the life and being. Adam Smith was it is true no easy talker—was full neither of ready replies nor of prepared replies. He rather liked to listen, but if he talked—and traps it is said were laid to make him do so—he could expound admirably on the subjects which he knew, and also (which is quite as characteristic of the man as we see him in his works) could run up rapid theories on such data as occurred to him, when, as Dugald Stewart tells us in his dignified dialect, "he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines."

He died calmly and quietly, leaving directions about his manuscripts and such other literary things, and saying, in a melancholy way, "I meant to have done more." The sort of fame which the "Wealth of Nations" has obtained, and its special influence, did not begin in his

lifetime, and he had no notion of it. Nor would he perhaps have quite appreciated it if he had. His mind was full of his great scheme of the origin and history of all cultivation; as happens to so many men, though scarcely ever on so great a scale, aiming at one sort of reputation, he attained another. To use Lord Bacon's perpetual illustration, like Saul, he "went in search of his father's asses, and he found a kingdom."

Adam Smith has been said to belong to the Macaulay type of Scotchmen, and the saying has been thought a paradox, particularly by those who, having misread Macaulay, think him a showy rhetorician, and not having at all read Adam Smith, think of him as a dry and dull political economist. But the saying is true, nevertheless. Macaulay is anything but a mere rhetorical writer—there is a very hard kernel of business in him; and Adam Smith is not dry at all—the objection to him is that he is not enough so, and that the real truth in several parts of his subject cannot be made so interesting as his mode of treatment implies. And there is this fundamental likeness between Macaulay and Adam Smith, that they can both describe practical matters in such a way as to fasten them on the imagination, and not only get what they say read, but get it remembered and make it part of the substance of the reader's mind ever afterwards. Abstract theorists may say that such a style as that of Adam Smith is not suitable to an abstract science; but then Adam Smith has carried political economy far beyond the bounds of those who care for abstract science or who understand exactly what it means. He has popularized it in the only sense in which it can be popularized without being spoiled; that is, he has put certain broad conclusions into the minds of hard-headed men, which are all which they need know, and all which they for the most part will ever care for, and he has put those conclusions there ineradicably. This, too, is what Macaulay does for us in history, at least what he does best; he engraves indelibly the main outlines and the rough common sense of the matter. Other more refining and perhaps in some respects more delicate minds, may add the nicer details and explain those wavering, flickering, inconstant facts of human nature which are either above common sense or below it. Both these great Scotchmen excelled in the "osteology of their subject," a term invented by Dr. Chalmers, a third great Scotchman who excelled in it

himself; perhaps, indeed, it is an idiosyncrasy of their race.

Like many other great Scotchmen—Macaulay is one of them—Adam Smith was so much repelled by the dominant Calvinism in which he was born that he never voluntarily wrote of religious subjects, or, as far as we know, spoke of them. Nothing, indeed, can repel a man more from such things than what Macaulay called the “bray of Exeter Hall.” What can be worse for people than to hear in their youth arguments, alike clamorous and endless, founded on ignorant interpretations of inconclusive words? As soon as they come to years of discretion all instructed persons cease to take part in such discussions, and often say nothing at all on the great problems of human life and destiny. Sometimes the effect goes farther; those subjected to this training become not only silent but careless. There is nothing like Calvinism for generating indifference. The saying goes that Scotchmen are those who believe most or least; and it is most natural that it should be so, for they have been so hurt and pestered with religious stimulants, that it is natural they should find total abstinence from them both pleasant and healthy. How far this indifference went in Adam Smith’s case we do not exactly know, but there is no reason to think it extended to all religion; on the contrary, there are many traces of the complacent optimism of the eighteenth century—a doctrine the more agreeable to him because, perhaps, it is the exact opposite of Calvinism—and which was very popular in an easy-going age, though the storms and calamities of a later time dispelled it, and have made it seem to us thin and unreal. The only time when Adam Smith ever came near to theological discussion was by a letter on Hume’s death, in which he said that Hume, one of his oldest friends, was the best man he had ever known—perhaps praise which was scarcely meant to be taken too literally, but which naturally caused a great storm. The obvious thing to say about it is that it does not indicate any very lofty moral standard, for there certainly was no sublime excellence in Hume, who as Carlyle long ago said, “all his life through did not so much morally live as critically investigate.” But though the bigots of his time misunderstood him, Adam Smith did not by so saying mean to identify himself with irreligion or even with scepticism.

Adam Smith’s life, however, was not like Macaulay’s—“a life without a lady.”

There are vestiges of an early love-affair, though but vague ones. Dugald Stewart, an estimable man in his way, but one of the most detestable of biographers, for he seems always thinking much more of his own words than of the facts he has to relate, says: “In the early part of Mr. Smith’s life, it is well known to his friends that he was for several years attached to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment.” But he does not tell us who she was, and “has not been able to learn” “how far his addresses were favorably received,” or, in fact, anything about the matter. It seems, however, that the lady died unmarried, and in that case the unsentimental French novelists say that the gentleman is not often continuously in earnest, for that “a lady cannot be *always* saying no!” But whether such was the case with Adam Smith or not we cannot tell. He was a lonely, bookish man, but that may tell both ways. The books may be opposed to the lady, but the solitude will preserve her remembrance.

If Adam Smith did abandon sentiment and devote himself to study, he has at least the excuse of having succeeded. Scarcely any writer’s work has had so much visible fruit. He has, at least, annexed his name to a great practical movement which is still in progress through the world. Free-trade has become in the popular mind almost as much his subject as the war of Troy was Homer’s; only curious inquirers think of teachers before the one any more than of poets before the other. If all the speeches made at our Anti-Corn-Law League were examined, I doubt if any reference could be found to any preceding writer, though the name of Adam Smith was always on men’s lips. And in other countries it is the same. Smith-ism is a name of reproach with all who hold such doctrines, and of respect with those who believe them; no other name is used equally or comparably by either. So long as the doctrines of protection exist—and they seem likely to do so, as human interests are what they are and human nature is what it is—Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority of anti-protectionism, as the man who first told the world the truth so that the world could learn and believe it.

And besides this great practical movement Adam Smith started a great theoretical one also. On one side his teaching created Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on another it rendered possible Ricardo and Mr. Mill. He is the founder of that

analysis of the "great commerce" which in England we now call political economy, and which, dry, imperfect, and unfinished as it is, will be thought by posterity one of the most valuable and peculiar creations of English thought. As far as accuracy goes Ricardo no doubt began this science, but his whole train of thought was suggested by Adam Smith, and he could not have written without him. So much theory and so much practice have rarely, perhaps never, sprang from a single mind.

Fortunate in many things, Adam Smith was above all things fortunate in his age. Commerce had become far larger, far more striking, far more world-wide than it ever was before, and it needed an effectual explainer. A vigorous Scotchman with the hard-headedness and the abstractions of his country, trained in England and familiar with France, was the species of man best fitted to explain it, and such a man was Adam Smith.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.—THE STRANGER
AT THE BROWN COW.

FROM the day of their engagement till this time, Joel had not vexed or disappointed Pleasance in a single instance.

It was not that she was blind. She was one of the women whose sight love does not blind, but clears. It was not that her love of power was gratified by the degree in which he deferred to her and complied with her every wish, quick to divine it, even when she did not express it in words. Once more, Pleasance belonged to the order of women who do not love power for itself, who even crave to be governed in minor matters, and only come to the front on exceptional occasions, without meaning it or desiring it, simply because it is their call to do it, and they cannot help doing it.

Joel's impulses were good and kind, if rash and wilful, and if his unsuccessful rival could not refrain from making the admission, what ought not his mistress to think of her bridegroom, who, on his few weeks of probation, was the most consid-

erate and tender of bridegrooms? Pleasance, who had known no peculiar cherishing love since she had lost Anne, now cried in secret with sheer blissfulness over this fond and deep love which had come to her. She thanked God for this prince and pearl among men, always reverent, always friendly with and concerned for his fellows, earnest to promote their welfare, relieve their burdens, and comfort their sorrows, Christian-like. He had spent a whole night, after his day's work, helping a poor, rheumatic old couple, who were obliged to change their house, and had not the means to hire assistance, to remove their household goods. He had been caught in the act of reading a chapter of the Bible to Sammy Thwaite, the consumptive lad. And this was the man who had sought her out, and chosen her for his. Pleasance believed she did well to rejoice and give thanks out of a full heart.

Even in the question of the disposal of the first days after their marriage, he had, as was his wont, waived his inclinations when they interfered with her sense of duty and the claims of others.

He had pleaded at first that as marriage came only once to a man, he and Pleasance might spare a few days from their working lives to go away together, though it were no further than to the neighboring coast or to the next village.

But Pleasance had urged the ungenial season, and what was to her the far more potent objection, Mrs. Ball's feeble health. In spite of her childish pleasure in the finishing touches being put to Pleasance's preparations, Mrs. Ball had been compelled to take to bed during those last weeks, and was unfit to be left to paid nursing, or to the good offices of her village friends. It should be as Pleasance liked then, he said; he could not bear that for his gratification her heart should be divided, or that she should be torn from filial services which she yearned to pay while she might.

But at last there came an occasion of Joel's trying Pleasance's faith in him, and even of his causing her acute pain. It was so close upon their marriage that Joel was bound for the house of the parish clerk, to bid him put up the banns on the following Sunday. But first he sought an interview with Pleasance, and had it in the kitchen, where Mrs. Ball's once active foot no longer sounded, and to which Pleasance came from the side of her cousin's bed in an upper room.

Joel stood with his back to the waning

light, leaning against the huge table as she entered. He drew his hands from his pockets and took off his cap, which he was not in the habit of wearing after his entrance into a house, like many men of his class, but which he had retained in his absence of mind this day. Still he did not advance to meet her, and clasp her hands, or put his arms round her to take the privileged kiss, as he was used to do, and he spoke with an accent of embarrassment. "Pleasance, do you remember what I said to you once, of my not being on terms with my people? My mother and sister?"

"Yes, Joel," she said; "do you think of taking this opportunity of making it up with them?"

It struck her that the idea was like him; and she resolved that on his thus coming to ask her to back him in the effort, he should not find her the woman who would stand out on her dignity, and be slow to comply with overtures of peace.

"Oh, no," he said hastily, "it would be worse than useless to attempt it at this moment. But I have something more to tell you about my quitting home and setting out on my adventures in the way I chose to do, without leaving any trace of me behind by which I could be followed, and written to, and generally badgered. I had to change my name. I could not have managed it otherwise."

"Change your name!" repeated Pleasance, startled.

"Yes, dear. Will it surprise you to hear that I am not Joel Wray—nothing so uncouth or quaint? I picked out the two names from the sign-board of a cart in a midland county, and made bold to appropriate them to serve my purpose for a season," he said, trying to speak playfully in order to mask his anxiety for the effect he should produce.

"But I do not quite understand," she said, coloring up, "why you should have had to change your name when you were your own master, and could work how and where you liked, in spite of your mother and sister's unwarrantable objections. It was such—such an awkward"—she paused and corrected herself, and said straight out, looking him piteously in the face to show how it grieved her to say it—"it was such a wrong thing to do, forgive me for saying it when it might expose you to misconceptions and mistakes."

"Yes, I grant an alias is apt to be a discreditable dodge," he admitted readily, not in the least angry with her for her remonstrance, nay, he proceeded to stroke the

hair under the shadow of her cap, as he liked to do, with what seemed a reassuring touch in this instance, "but I could see no other way, and I thought it was admissible."

She looked up into his frank, penitent eyes, and listened to his clear, confiding voice, which had lost its trouble even while he spoke, and she fully believed that he had only adopted a doubtful resource because he had taken into his head that it was necessary. Still, it disturbed her, that he should do what might well draw on him suspicion and doubt. He was very good, but he was also strangely careless and imprudent, and he did not see his enmities in their proper light. He was proceeding with considerable coolness, and certainly quite happily. The first brush of the announcement which he had required to make, was over, and it had not seriously impaired her great trust in him, or led to grave results for which he was not then equal. He went on to tell her that he could not marry her under an assumed name, that he must marry her under his own name, that she might be assured to him as he to her. And was she not curious to learn what his real name which she was to bear—so soon too—would sound like?

"I shall never like it nearly so well as Joel Wray," said Pleasance, half sadly, half reproachfully, in the natural, but partly amused indignation of her superior discretion at his boyish folly.

"What! Not if it be my name, my real name, and not a bad name as names go! It is of Scotch origin, for my father came of a Scotch stock which had crossed the Borders. You won't hurry me, Pleasance, you won't press for the name which I have a great mind to keep in the dark a little longer, till the clerk reads it out in church, a big mouthful—Archibald Douglas."

"Archibald Douglas!" said Pleasance, faintly, with a trying sense of its strangeness. "I have heard it before—read of it in Sir Walter's novels, and his 'Tales of a Grandfather.' There were great old tyrants of Scotch earls of that name."

"Ah, but I am no tyrant, and the name has come down in the world since then," said he, laughing, "like more earls' names."

"I shall not know how to say it," said Pleasance, bemoaning her peculiar difficulty, half in earnest, half in jest. "It is like having another man—a man I have never known given me for my husband, and I could never consent to that. I

shall always be saying Joel. And what will the folk about think?"

"You can call me Joel till you learn to say Archie. As for the people here, they are used to nicknames, or handles to names; like 'Long Dick,' and 'Host Morse.' They hold me a queer fish, they will judge it is one of my queer ways to have a couple or more names at my disposal, and they will care no more about it."

The villagers did very much as he had said. After the shock of hearing Pleasance Hatton's banns read out to another than Joel Wray, the explanation was a comparative relief. Perhaps they were more accustomed to aliases than Pleasance was, and did not regard them exactly in the same light. Perhaps the men and women who were occupied every day of their lives with intensely practical concerns, did not stop to consider aliases as an abstract question, and viewed one name as being as good as another. There was only a little talk, a few exclamations.

"Lor', he be'nt Joel Wray as 'a been livin' along on us and known as sich! He be one Arch'bald Dooglas, arter all! And Madam she d' be goin' to be Missus Dooglas, and none on Missus Wray! But when it d' come to thatten, she 'ont be Missus anythink, certain sure, on'y Madam, so long as her lives in them parts, and sets herself up to wear glasses."

The sole protest which the natives made against the irregularity of the proceeding was in their continuing obstinately to call the delinquent Joel Wray the same as before.

But Pleasance, from the moment that he told her the truth, strove with a blush rising on her cheek to substitute Archie for Joel, or if Joel slipped out to correct the lapse quickly, and supply Archie instead.

"All right, Pleasance, never mind," he would protest lightly, and declare, "I shall always like Joel from you, because it reminds me of the first time that I heard you say it."

"But it was not your real name all the time, Archie," she reminded him with unconscious severity. She sighed again over the strangeness of that Archie, and over the inclination to vagary which seemed the one spot on her sun—at the same time she consoled herself with the lustrous integrity of that sun in which so small a flaw became conspicuous by its very singularity.

Pleasance's wedding-day was anticipated, by the occurrence at Saxford of an-

other event, in itself quite sufficient to mark a special occasion.

Few travellers took Saxford on their way. Decent working-men on the tramp, as Joel Wray had been, vendors of baskets and crockery of a high enough grade to ply their traffic by means of carts drawn by horses or donkeys, agents for such small retail businesses, drovers and cattle and horse dealers come to inspect the neighboring stock, were the chief visitors. Elections were of exceptional occurrence, and even elections in so limited an agricultural district, with the interest sure for Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, brought little stir to the isolated village.

The east country did not afford attractions for artists and their umbrellas. Yet glorious old English artists who did not know such umbrellas had been born in it, and had remained very faithful to it, never wearying of depicting its broad lights, its slow rivers with their heavy barges, its high bits of heath with their windmills, its old inns and cottages, its green meadows and sandy lanes. But such artists as were brought to the neighborhood by its traditions, confined themselves nowadays to the coast or the broads.

Saxford lying out of the beaten track, did not even draw many professional strollers of the Punch and organ class, for these turned aside to Cheam.

The Brown Cow was mostly self-supporting, that is, it drew its principal receipts from the habitual beer-drinking of the village itself, eked out by the little inn's being the occasional summer resort of the company at bean-feasts and cricket-matches.

The sight of a traveller who belonged to none of the accredited classes, who came alone, so late as on an afternoon in October, driving over in a cab from the Cheam station, and thus giving positive proof that he was a gentleman of independent habits and means, was a rare godsend to Saxford. He had directed that his portmanteau and dressing-case—in themselves elegant appurtenances fit for the vicarage at least—should be carried into a private room, and followed the direction by a hesitating request whether he could get accommodation for more than the night.

It did seem that in Saxford, as elsewhere, it never rained but it poured. Here was an incident which might have supplied the gossips, male and female, with a subject for a week's discussion; yet it must be followed close—before it could be

properly digested — by another equally exciting event, for this was the eve of Joel Wray and Madam up at the manor's wedding-day. At other times nothing would happen, not even a pig-killing, not a hero like Long Dick's going off to seek his fortunes over the hills and far away, for months on end.

Host Morse was naturally considerably impressed by the unexpected grist to his mill, and was prepared to pour forth on the guest all the host's approved qualities of boisterous joviality and jocularity. But after having pulled on his best coat, — a tight fit, — brushed up the hair with both hands from his red, shining face, and rushed up the narrow steep stair with a nimbleness which did credit to his years and stoutness, Host Morse reappeared and descended slowly, in a state of collapse to throw over the distinguished visitor on the missus as her business, and to retire to the bar as his proper sphere, there to brag and swagger about "the swell as the missus were a-servin' hup-stairs."

Mrs. Morse, who had already faithfully flown from the society of her friend Mrs. Blennerhasset, to her post in the kitchen, rose to the occasion. She put on her meekest face, with her meekest cap stuck full of modest little daisies, and entered the alarming presence. She smoothed down her apron and besought the gentleman to please say what he "'ould 'a," and it should be got for him, "if so be it could be 'ad," giving the phrase with an expression as if she anticipated the stranger would ask for a roc's egg, yet felt bound to comply with his request, though she should go to the ends of the earth, and come off with a dead loss as a hostess, to compass it.

The gentleman who had quenched Host Morse stood in the long, low-roofed parlor between its two batteries of gentility — an engraving of her Majesty the queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in a gilt frame, and a flower composed of shells, under a glass shade. Though he was the most loyal of subjects and a lover of art, he gazed from the one object to the other with lack-lustre eyes. "Ah," he said, with a slight defect in his speech amounting to hesitation when he was agitated — "ah! my good woman, get me anything you can, dinner, tea, or supper."

The look of helpless forlornness with which the gentleman contemplated the position, the air of hopeless resignation with which he submitted to circumstances, as if they were too far removed for him ever to dream of their being brought into

harmony with his tastes and inclinations, were almost too much for Mrs. Morse as they had proved for her husband.

The visitor was a tall, lank man, in a travelling-suit of brown tweed. He showed the signs, unmistakable even to such unaccustomed eyes as those of Host Morse and his wife, of super-refinement, with the shyness which sometimes accompanies it, and which becomes distressing in middle age. He was as scared by the Morses as they could be by him; and it was this evident trepidation, along with the equally evident distress and incapacity to cope with the surroundings, that silenced Host Morse's patronizing volubility, and went near to upsetting Mrs. Morse's sly modesty.

But as the gentleman stood with his chin — aristocratic by dint of its shape — in the air, his pale blue eyes blinking with uneasy horror at the shabby engraving of the queen, and the ugly petrification of the shell flower — his aquiline nose sniffing involuntarily in an additional disquieting sense that the windows of the parlor of the Brown Cow could not have been open for a week, Mrs. Morse recovered herself.

"Please, sir, if you will say now more pertickler what you will 'a, it will perwent reflections bum bye," she suggested, with the softest deference.

He had not the most distant intention of reflecting on the people, though he knew that he was horribly uncomfortable. He shrank from giving trouble. He was totally unaware which of the meals he had mentioned would be most in season at this hour in an establishment like that of the Brown Cow, though he could have been depended upon to give an accurate account of the feeding-times of the ancient Romans and Greeks. If he fixed on, say dinner, which came natural to himself at the close of the day, it would be another penalty to him to particularize the dishes without a bill of fare — such a bill of fare as could be conceived of at the Brown Cow. And always to intensify his trouble, his eyes were fascinated by that shameful travesty of her gracious Majesty's lineaments, and that painful parody of the most inoffensive, refreshing thing in nature, even if it came from a cit's lawn or a cottager's garden — a nosegay.

"Ah! anything, anything, my good woman, ma'am" — he did not even know how to address her, without probably hurting her feelings, and he hated to hurt anybody's feelings. "Anything you have. A rasher" (with a bright flash of recollec-

tion out of some novel he had read) — "ah — or bread and cheese."

"We be rather better perwided than that, sir," said Mrs. Morse, with gentle reproach, that cut the wretched man to the heart. "We 'a a roast on beef in the larder, likewise a pigeon pie, and we 'a fowls in the yard, in coorse, with heggss for a custard, if required."

The only effect produced on the stranger by Mrs. Morse's proudly-humble enumeration was a conviction that somehow it was a reproach to him, which he hastened to get rid of, by saying, —

"That will do. The pigeon pie" (he was dyspeptic, and never ate pies), "or the custard with — ah, a slice of bread and a glass of milk; and the same will serve for my breakfast to-morrow morning," he added, on a sudden impulse to get over his penance and have done with it at once. "I shall want nothing besides, save a bed and a bath."

"I shall see to your bed, sir, as how it is haired and warmed with my own 'and," said Mrs. Morse, like a woman who knows her duties and does them, and who forgives and recompenses with good her worst enemies; "but there ain't no baths to be 'ad here, 'cept folks goes to the Broad for en. We don't go in with tubbin' in the house, not but for chil'ren," said Mrs. Morse, casting her eyes on the ground, to avoid the contemplation of the impropriety of her generation, and so to repress her just indignation.

"Oh, very well; never mind," assented the gentleman with the utmost swiftness, seeing that there was yet a deeper slough of despond into which he had to descend. He must not only go without his bath, for the first time within his knowledge, but submit to an inference from a woman that he, the most decorous of men, was guilty of impropriety in his mode of daily ab-lution.

Mrs. Morse went down-stairs and allowed herself to say to Mrs. Blennerhasset, who had followed her friend to see if she could render any help, that if ever woman had been tried "with a stuck-up old fool as were goin' to do nothin' for the good of the house," she had been. But she had given him as good as she had got, and she was not going to complain — no one ever heard her complain, or make, or meddle. All that she wished was to live and let live, to keep a quiet house and do her duty by Morse, "as left things" to her, "and sat and hectored and soaked himself in the bar;" but it was the way of the world and of men. To all which self-

evident propositions and admirable sentiments Mrs. Blennerhasset agreed fervently.

After his dinner, or supper, the stranger strolled out, and picked his steps, as he wandered aimlessly about the village, glancing nervously at the bold stagers who met him at every turn, and shook what equanimity was left in him. He came always back to the inn-door, looking wistfully as if he would like to speak to one or other of the men hanging about it and the smithy, but invariably retreating from the encounter when it became imminent. He seemed as miserable out of doors as in.

At last the stranger took courage and made up, as it happened, to Ned, the junior man at the manor farm, standing the image of heavy good humor and reflected importance, to be trotted out by all his acquaintances in turn, on the doings that were to take place at the manor-house next day.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, touching his hat first, to the bewilderment of Ned, who made no movement to return the salutation, "horses and cattle are your staple production here, I suppose?"

"I s'pose they be, zur," said Ned sheepishly, without the most distant conception what "staple production" meant, but satisfied that he could not be wrong in agreeing with a gentleman. He was occupied, wondering why the dickens he was selected to be spoken to by the stranger, when so many better men — Smith Blennerhasset and others — were close at hand. Ned did not know whether to feel flattered or aggrieved by the distinction.

"And I conclude that you have a resident population — not many changes going on among you, eh?" continued the stranger, taking heart to prosecute his inquiries.

"Cheanges?" said Ned. "No, there be'n't many cheanges," he repeated like a clumsy echo.

"Not many strange work-people coming and going?" persisted the gentleman.

"No," answered Ned; "but there d' be such a oner at our farm."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the limp questioner, straightening himself up and speaking almost sharply. "What sort of fellow, eh? Excuse my curiosity."

"Oh, no offense," said Ned politely. "He were a very spry chap, though town-bred, were Joel Wray, from the fust; and now he d' be to be married to-morrer."

The listener's interest, kindled the instant before, sank down with the mention of the name, and at the volunteered information of Joel Wray's immediate pro-

motion to the rank of a benedict, it died out entirely. He abandoned what appeared to him the fruitless subject of Joel Wray, and though he made an effort to resume his quest in a general direction, it was with a return to his previous flurried dispiritedness. "You know of no other odd-man — job-man, come here lately, and taking a turn at work in the neighborhood?"

"I knows on none, zur," said Ned, positive when he was convinced that his knowledge, in its slender amount, could not be mistaken, "and there could not be none, not atween Broad Ends and Cheam, atabout me hearin' tell on en."

"I have been at both these places, thanks," said the gentleman with languid laconicness, turning away without vouchsafing any explanation of his questions.

He re-entered the inn, stealing stumbly up-stairs, not to attract attention, or trespass more than he could help against the customs of the natives. He shut himself into the low-roofed dining-parlor, with its coarse drugged carpet, horsehair chairs, the distressingly defective and damaged engraving of her Majesty, and the monstrosity of a shell flower. He was full of the painful impression that, though he were to stay months in this strange region and investigate the minutest detail, he should find in the end that he had come to the wrong place, and had been enduring all this bodily and mental purgatory for worse than nothing, since he should have been losing his time and sowing warning traces of himself and his errand wherever he tarried.

At the very moment when the novel visitor to Saxford revolved these vexatious conclusions, clinging to his one consolation, — the fire which Mrs. Morse had been so good as to light for him, — and standing with his back to the window, hanging over the heat, applying each well-made boot in turn to the bars of the grate, Joel Wray came down the village street, walking slowly and showing himself fully to all who cared to look for him, as a smart and happy bridegroom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE, WITH ITS LAST GUEST.

WHEN Pleasance was dressed on her wedding morning, she went to Mrs. Balls to show herself.

It was all that Mrs. Balls could do to sit up in bed, stroke down Pleasance's dimity gown, and smell her flowers. Joel had kept to his point of getting her such flow-

ers as Cheam could afford. They were not very fine flowers after all, a late rose or two grown in a sheltered corner, and a few carnations for sweetness, with sprigs of geranium and scarlet verbenas for brightness. But they made a fine show in the breast of Pleasance's white gown, and they had been shedding their fragrance since the previous day through the old rooms of the manor-house.

"I thought you were to be none smart, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls's quavering voice; "but you d' be main tasty with them flowern — on'y not a bit like your mother. It were your poor sister as favored my owd Pleasance."

"Did you see my mother go away to be married?" asked Pleasance, humoring the old woman.

"No, I didn't, mor; your father, though he meant her fair, wern't likin' to come among her people as were so different from his'n. It is my mind he wanted to part her from her friens from the fust. You see they were ill-convenient when she had gotten a gen'leman for her man. She had to pay the price, poor mawther. He found a respec'able place scores on miles from here, where nobry knowed her nor him. She lived there for a time, and were married from there."

"But Joel does not take me from my friends," said Pleasance, as she chose the sweetest, most perfect rose from her flowers, and put it aside for his button-hole, to be ready for him when he came, village-fashion, to walk with her to church. "I have not many friends to spare," said Pleasance, with a quiver in her own voice. "I wish you could have come with me to-day, dear."

"An' I wish it mysen," said Mrs. Balls; "but where's the use on wishin'? if wishes were horsen, beggars 'ould ride. I'm nowt now but an owd, done body, as is fit for nowt but to be in folk's way, even on your weddin'-day, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls with a pathetic consciousness of the contrast between herself lying there, old and feeble, with her dim eyes, scanty white hair, and fallen-in, shrivelled cheeks, and Pleasance standing beside her in her youth, and strength, and bloom, dressed as a bride waiting for her bridegroom. "It ain't that I be a-cryin' out again' the A'mighty," said Mrs. Balls, wiping away the rare tears of old age; "it's what we mun all come to, — 'common lot,' as pason he says. I 'a 'ad my day, though I were none on a bride. Yet I 'a besser'n a darter to wait upon me, and not to weary for me goin', and never to leave me, though

she d' be a bride. She be to shut my owd eyes arter she d' be done readin' to me on the risin' again, and the Lord as is risen fust. I be bun' to be thankful sure-ly."

"And I am thankful to be with you," said Pleasance, tenderly. "I love Joel best of all for not thinking of taking me away from you."

"Ah, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls, "you 'a found your master—you may 'a pleased yourself in the findin' on him, but it will be please your man from this day forth. This is the last day, gal, that you d' be free to please yourself."

"Don't frighten me, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance with a little laugh, so little frightened that she verily believed she should have nothing to speak of to wish for from this day, that she should be like the wonderfully blessed Shunammite woman who had always stood out to Pleasance as one of the wisest and sweetest of the figures in the Bible, because she had told the great prophet that she dwelt among her own people, and had nothing to ask from his supernatural power.

The next moment Mrs. Balls was alluding to what was a great source of gratification to her in the arrangements for the marriage with which she could have so little active concern. "An' bailiff d' be to ack father and the man as gives away this 'oman. I do take it uncommon kind on bailiff, most as if it had been Lawyer Lockwood, no less; you'll mind to say so, and make my duty to en, Pleasance."

There had been a little difficulty as to who should be the substitute for the father and guardian at Pleasance's marriage. She had felt inclined, without meeting any opposition from Joel Wray, to ask old Miles Plum, who had been about the farm since she came to it, in preference to the parish clerk, or to some head of a house in the village, with whom she was not so well acquainted, and for whom she felt less regard. But the bailiff on the farm had stepped in and offered his services. He was far enough above the couple in rank to render his presence in the capacity a little of a condescension, and he was a man of just such a hearty character as to enjoy conferring the condescension.

He had known Pleasance almost as long as Miles Plum had known her. He had a great respect and regard for her as an excellent and, what was more, a handsome young woman, who had not let her head be turned either by her claim to

superior birth, her good looks, or her fortune. She had proved a dutiful young kinswoman to his old ally Mrs. Balls, and a valuable auxiliary to himself—an example of industry to the whole field in many a wheat-hoeing and hay-making. He thought that such a good girl deserved honor done her, and he determined that he should be the man to do it.

Then the bailiff had a liking, as most people had who came in personal contact with him, for that winning vagabond and erratic Jack-of-all-trades, Joel Wray. The bailiff was somehow agreeably tickled by the notion of a marriage between these two, and was quite ready to excuse Madam for throwing herself away on a half-trained laborer, who yet, his master let himself to be persuaded, would do well.

The bailiff came to the manor-house on purpose to walk with Pleasance and her party to the church. In order to grace the occasion he had put on his suit of best broadcloth—the only broadcloth represented at Pleasance's wedding—and assumed the very match to the sprigged waistcoat, bright blue neck-tie, and glossy beaver hat, which Pleasance had deprecated on Joel Wray's account. They called to her mind with a strain of pensiveness Long Dick across the seas. And as if she had been fated to recall Long Dick on this day, Pleasance was to walk first with her champion, the bailiff.

Joel Wray—to the bailiff's surprise, and somewhat to his dismay and disgust—was in his clean working-clothes and straw hat, wearing the rose that Pleasance had chosen for him, and carrying a face like the morning above it. He walked with Dorky Thwaite, a girl of thirteen years, sister of poor Sammy dying of consumption. Dorky, in her schoolgirl frock and tippet, was elected to the post she filled because Pleasance could not bear to have any of the village young women in the place which Lizzie Blennerhasset should have occupied, and because poor Dorky had few treats in the present circumstances of her family. She was giving abundant indication that the present treat was well bestowed by showing herself one proud, gleeful giggle, certainly the happiest person in the company after the bride and bridegroom.

An irregular group of three wound up the procession. These were old Miles Plum, in his clean smock, which he was relieved to see was in the best of company with the bridegroom's working-jacket, only Miles had not the satisfaction of twitting his wife Phillis with the fact, and with the

absence of any necessity for her lamentations over his want of a coat, and her unpalatable suggestion that he should stay at home in consequence. Stay at home from Pleasance's marriage! when he had known her since she was a little lady, and whom he had helped to make at her own request a working-woman, while to his certain knowledge she had never failed to fulfil the proverb that "gentle is as gentle does." But there was Phillis, as deaf as a post, walking "all serene," quite indifferent to what he could cast into his looks of triumphant reminder and mute upbraiding. What did Phillis care for his looks when she wore the new gown and cap which Pleasance had bought her for livery, as she had given him the orange cravat which was tied round his throat, with the ends hanging down above his smock, and the mufflers in his pocket for his hands when the cold weather should come?

Miles had to betake himself for social company—and, after all, no woman, neither his old woman, nor Pleasance, was company for a man—to the "soft young 'un," Ned, who was also off work for the day, leaving the new head man in charge of the farm. Ned was in another smock, but with bunches of old ribands of divers colors, with which some girl had supplied him, in his hat and on his breast—a decoration not unlike the paper trappings of children and amateur sweeps on May-day, and of which Ned, while he wore it, was mortally ashamed.

The little group was very much of a family party, that could take their festival quietly, as beseemed the circumstances. The old mistress of the manor-house lay on what must be, sooner or later, her dying bed, while friends and watchers from the village were appointed to sit with her till Pleasance returned to her side.

The October sun was shining with unusual brightness on the bare, cold landscape in which the yellow gables and olive thatch of the manor-house looked like a golden brown point as Pleasance left it behind her.

Ned and old Miles, with no want of volunteer assistants, had at spare hours, during the previous days, accomplished sundry tokens of rejoicing in green branches—scarce as boughs were in the treeless region—and in flags as rustic in the flag line as were Ned's ribands for favors. But these trophies were, partly out of regard for Mrs. Balls's state of health, partly from natural predilection, confined to the outbuildings and offices, where they waved and fluttered bravely,

disturbing the equanimity of the horses and cattle that had been among Pleasance's chief friends.

The bailiff had no idea of leaving Pleasance to her own meditations, as something sacred that day, or of her being unable to attend and respond to his compliments on her appearance, his ponderous jokes on her change of condition, and his appropriate reminiscences of his own marriage.

And the bailiff was a great man in Pleasance's circle, with something in his power where Joel was concerned. He was also one who was bestowing a signal mark of his favor on the couple, of which Pleasance with her changed standard, as well as Mrs. Balls, was innocently proud. Pleasance had to listen, smile, protest, and acquiesce, though it was all done in a dreamy fashion, and with many thoughts in the background, as the party traversed the familiar road until they entered the village. There every villager—man, woman, and child—within the precincts congregated about their doors and windows, not merely to look and admire, but to call out loud greetings and plain-spoken comments.

"Good-day, and good luck to you both."

"Bailiff, you 'a a strappin' darter as you are soon to get off your hands."

"See t' bridegroom in his working-jacket, and Madam 'a 'ad to put up with it."

"Laws! her own gownd d' be but white cotton."

"There be Ned Sadler bringin' up t' rear, ready to hee-haw like a donkey."

"And Phillis Plum with gloves on her fingers, I d' confess."

The little church remained uninvaded. There was a village etiquette which forbade any save the real "weddiners" to enter during the ceremony. But the rabble of Saxford, in children and half-grown lads and girls, headed in this instance by Clem Blennerhasset, might congregate outside, and even be guilty of climbing up, by the aid of ivy and honeysuckle buttress, to look in through the windows at the scene.

The little flint-built, thatch-roofed church of Saxford was among the smallest, most primitive parish churches in the kingdom. The approach to it had neither gate nor pillar. It turned off from the main road which ran through the village street, and formed between two hedges a wide and open path to the little house of God, while the graveyard, enclosed by its loose stone wall, had a wicket. Pleasance had often thought that the free road had

the look of a highway where a king was about to pass. As it was only trodden once a week, it was grown green. But it was not so much green in early summer as a mingled mass of pure white, blood red, purple, blue, and yellow, from the luxuriant growth of ox-eyed daisies, poppies, mallows, buglos, vetches, and crows-toes — weeds, as men call them — which grow in fresh country places of their own sweet will and without stint, neither asking special consideration, nor resenting being occasionally trodden under foot. The homely worshippers at Saxford church entered it, walking in the prime of the year, unconcernedly, and, unless in rare and exceptional cases, without giving the slightest attention to what was to them the immaterial fact, that their path lay over a carpet of flowers with which no tessellated marble could be put into comparison. Pleasance was one of the few who noted the circumstance, and recalled what she had read of flowers strewn before the passage of the host in Roman Catholic countries.

But there were no flowers beneath Pleasance's feet on her wedding morning. The honeysuckle on the porch presented shrivelled leaves and dull red berries instead of flowers.

Inside the small building, of which the only merit as a building belonged to a certain ancient simplicity and solidity, there were no galleries, nothing save whitewashed walls, and the plainest of deal pews, pulpits, and reading-desks, relieved by an old carved stone font.

The vicar had followed his own taste, and what he judged to be the requirements of the worshippers, by adorning the bald little church with Sabbath-school-like adornments of texts, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," "The Lord our God is one Lord," "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," painted in scrolls with letters of blue and red, and hung on the white walls. The very commandments were printed in blue and red, and the effect of these patches of vivid color produced by the homeliest means, was something like that of the wild flowers outside in summer, and as if the poppies and cornflowers had been brought within doors, and hung up in sheaves on the walls and at each side of the altar.

The vicar, who was coming in from the vestry in gown and cassock, bore, hardly less than Mrs. Balls, the marks of the years which had passed since he first saw Pleasance. He had grown stiff and un-

wieldy, as well as worn and battered. His memory was beginning to fail him, and, burdened as it was with many a weightier record, he entertained but a dim retrospect of Pleasance as the poor young girl of superior nurture who had been thrown with her dying sister on the good offices of worthy Mrs. Balls of the manor-house, and who had obstinately declined his suggestion that she should go up to the vicarage and see what his wife could do for her. He thought chiefly of Pleasance as the fine-looking, steady young woman who lived with and was a comfort to Mrs. Balls, and who was creditably regular in her attendance on church service. As for Joel Wray, he also had been punctual in coming to church, and although he had shown himself shy of being spoken to, and had not appeared at the vicar's week-day class for young men, still, when his pastor had succeeded in getting speech of Joel, he had struck the clergyman as a youth of intelligence.

It was, therefore, with perfect goodwill and complacency that the vicar proceeded to read the service, uniting in holy matrimony his two "young friends," as he was fond of calling, in all sincerity, the better specimens of his humble parishioners.

All had played those parts, the solemnity and importance of which are liable to be lost sight of in their very simplicity and in the excitement of the moment. The bailiff had given away Pleasance Hatton. Joel had received her with an "I, Archibald, take thee, Pleasance," that vibrated in its earnestness. Pleasance had soberly and tenderly taken on her the obligation to honor and obey. Both of them had vowed to be true husband and wife till death did them part.

Ned Sadler and Dorky Thwaite had officiated — they could hardly tell how, since Joel had the ring ready in his pocket, and Pleasance had wanted no assistance with her gloveless hand — as best man and maid, but they felt clear that they must have been of some use, bearing the time-honored names.

Phillis Plum, as the only responsible woman — Dorky was but a chit of a girl — had contributed what was called for from the sex in the matter of crying, though, like Ned and Dorky in their question of how, she could not well have told why.

Old Miles had stood bolt upright, with his hat between his hands, and felt that if he were good for nothing else, he stood

for company in general, and was another witness in addition to the clerk and the verger.

The ceremony was ended. It was all over, as is apt to be said of many a long-wished-for event, but never said so emphatically as of the two most decisive and individual acts in the great human drama. Joel had kissed his wife, and suffered the *baili*, in the position which he had held towards Pleasance, to press his honest lips to her cheek.

The party were moving with one accord to the vestry, to ratify the marriage which had just been solemnized, when a hurried footstep was heard on the threshold. A more desperate intruder than the children — who only peered in, hoisted on each other's shoulders, through the windows — rushed frantically into the church.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN A STUDIO.

Belton. Do you know where Scott lived when he was in Rome?

Mallett. I believe he lived in the Palazzo Bernini, at the corner of the Via della Propaganda. So at least I have been told.

Belton. It is an admirable custom which has lately been introduced into Italy of inserting a tablet in the outer walls of houses in which distinguished men have been born, or died, or lived for a time, on which the fact is inscribed. It is always interesting to know where great men and women have been born, lived, written, or died. No one could visit Shakespeare's home without feeling nearer to him; no one could pass the old Tabard Inn whence the pilgrims of the "Canterbury Tales" set out, without a certain sense of their reality. The places great spirits have inhabited or visited seem still to retain dim vestiges of them that touch the imagination. I never pass the Nomentan gate, that I do not see Nero issuing thence on that fatal day when he fled so ignominiously to die a coward's death at the villa of Phaon. I always meet Cicero and Horace as I go down the Sacred Way; and whenever I drive by the old Albergo del Orso, the shape and figure of Montaigne, who once lived within its walls, rises before me. Many and many a day have I seemed to see Alfieri looking out of the window of the Villa Strozzi towards the Villa Negroni, where the Countess of Albany was waiting for him. Under the

cypresses of the Villa d'Este Tasso has wandered with me, and leaned beside the spilling fountain, while the nightingales sang in the shade. I never cross the Bridge of St. Angelo that I do not look for the figures of Raphael and his friend Bindo Altovite, under the three-arched balcony that hangs over the Tiber, and I should not be much surprised to see them talking there together. Canova and Thorwaldsen still seem to linger about the studios where they wrought their great works. In the night as I pass the Castel St. Angelo, I see Benvenuto Cellini fighting on the walls, or slipping down from the tower to make his escape from his disgusting dungeon; and I almost hear the groans of Beatrice Cenci.

Mallett. Ah! it is this that makes Rome so profoundly interesting. It is truly a city of the dead, and the spirits of the past haunt it and dwell in it as much as, nay, far more than the busy persons of to-day. You turn no corner without meeting them. Voices are in the air that whisper to you wherever you go — in the street, in the gardens, over the lone sweeps of the silent Campagna — from crumbling tombs, castles, and fortresses — from the arched and ivy-mantled aqueducts that stretch into the distance — from the hollowed caverns of the tufa galleries, where once the Christians hid — from the broken benches of the Colosseum, now so silent — from the giant arches of the ruined baths. Is it the wind that whispers, or the ghosts of the ages past, as you wander over the grassy slopes, where at every step you tread upon some marble fragment of dead magnificence? And who and what are we that tread these streets of death? Only to-day's rear of the great army that has gone before. Here stand the ruined dwellings that they once inhabited, but where are they? Where are those imperial figures whose frown was death? Where the long line of those who charmed the ear and the eye with the magic of art? Where the poets and lawgivers, the sculptors and painters? Where the smiling faces, the graceful steps of beauty that led the world in their train? Over the gardens that their footsteps pressed the shy lizard slips. Grass and weeds grow in the crevices of the marble pavements which once were swept by their rustling robes. Lollia, Poppæa, Messalina, charm no more. The song of Virgil and Horace and Catullus is mute. The fights and frowns of Nero are over. The elaborate hypocrisies of Augustus are finished. The ornate orations of Cicero,

the stinging satire of Tacitus and Juvenal, the lofty stoicism of Aurelius, all are of the past. And yet they still live and haunt the places that knew them on earth, and their forms still rise before us almost without an evocation as we wander through the ruined streets and houses and villas where once they lived and walked.

I was in Florence the other day, and as I was strolling through one of its broad-eaved, narrow streets I came upon a sombre old house, in the walls of which was a marble tablet recording the fact that there Dante was born and spent the first years of his youth. In a moment all else faded from my sight—the tide of time swept back—the little boy Dante was before me, looking out of these windows, playing in these streets—innocent, gay, happy, ignorant of the future; and then in a moment the vision vanished, and I saw the thin wan figure with the hooked nose, that we know so well; and those sad eyes that had gazed into the horrors of the Inferno looked into mine. It was like the sudden lifting of the curtain of time, with an instant's glimpse into the past, which profoundly affected me, and then it fell again.

Belton. There is one inscription on the Casa Guidi which I always stop to read, and when I read I sigh. It is a most graceful and tender tribute to one who loved Florence, and who sleeps in its historic earth—as pure and noble a spirit as ever informed this tenement of clay—as rare a genius as ever dwelt within this noble city—I mean Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I quote it from memory, but I think it reads thus: "*Qui scrisse e qui morì Elizabeth Barrett Browning, che in cuor di donna conciliava scienza di dotta e spirito di poeta. Fece con suo verso aureo anello fra Italia ed Inghilterra. Pose questa memoria Firenze grata.*"

Mallett. It is, as you say, a most tender and graceful tribute, and she well deserved it.

Belton. I have often sought for the house of Cagliostro, the famous magician, but I have never been able to identify it. He lived, I know, at one time in the Piazza di Spagna, and at another in a street near the Piazza Farnese, but the number I have never been able to discover. In both these houses he lived with his wife, the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, after their return from Paris, where they were engaged in the notorious intrigue of the diamond necklace; and it was in the latter of these houses that they

were arrested to be imprisoned in the Castle St. Angelo.

Mallett. *Apropos* of Cagliostro's magic, there is a curious and little-known legend about a gate in Rome just beyond the Church of St. Maria Maggiore. Here, as the story goes, a celebrated alchemist and magician was invited to stay by the owner of the house or villa, who hoped to obtain some advantage to himself from his skill in the magical sciences; but the magician, after long enjoying his hospitality, and making no return for it, suddenly took French leave, leaving behind him a paper on which were written certain cabalistic signs. These were inscribed by the owner over the gate in a half-faith that they might be efficacious in bringing him the good fortune he desired, and there they may still be seen to this day, or rather they were to be seen there when I last passed that way. But so many changes are taking place in that quarter that it is possible they may have been removed. Reumont tells this story, I believe, in his book on Rome—and "*se non è vero, è ben trovato.*"

Belton. Have you ever looked up the subject of magic?

Mallett. Yes, a good deal; and very curious is the literature on this subject. Some of the old writers give you, for instance, complete formulas to raise spirits of various kinds, and seem to have had an absolute belief in their efficacy. It seems to be pretty clear that they did have faith in these invocations; for it is impossible to believe that such men as Cardanus and Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, Johannes Bodinus, Pietro Abana, Hieronymus Fracastorius, Torreblanca, Debris, Pomponatus, and Vairus, and men of that stamp, should have wilfully endeavored to palm off on the world, with such calm seriousness, statements which they knew to be lies. At all events they clearly profess their faith in the power of man, by magical processes, to raise the dead, and wake spirits by incantation; and various receipts are given by them to effect such purposes.

Belton. I suppose that at the present day no one would believe in this. These men flourished in ignorant ages, when science was in its infancy, and when superstition was at its height.

Mallett. You are very much mistaken if you believe that the day of the magicians is entirely past. The magical art is still cultivated, though in secrecy; and there are numbers of persons who still study it, practise it, and have faith in it. So at least

I have been assured by men in whom I cannot but place trust, and who have declared to me that they themselves have attended magical *séances*, and employed the formulas of the magical books with successful results. Certain it is that the Abbé Constant devoted himself to the study of the magical arts and occult sciences, and, under the pseudonym of Elephas Levi, wrote some remarkable books on the subject, and specially one on "*La Haute Magie*," which I recommend to you if you are curious in such matters. There is no doubt, too, that a few persons were and are his disciples and pupils in France, and among them may be mentioned Desbarrolles, the author of "*Les Mystères de la Main*." I must confess, however, that after reading "*La Haute Magie*" I was not very much enlightened on the subject. A great deal was hinted and insinuated and vaguely indicated, but comparatively little directly taught either as to the theory or the practice of magic.* A very accomplished and distinguished writer who lately died assured me that he himself, on one occasion, by following certain prescribed formulas, evoked one of the spirits held by those who believe to be very dangerous — understand me, not by means of any medium, but by his own practice; and that he satisfied himself by this and other experiments that the prescribed processes were not by any means delusions or follies. This same gentleman also told me, when I made a remark similar to yours that I supposed no one in the present day believed in magical arts, that, on the contrary, he knew many who studied it, and believed in it. "*Che volete*," as the Italians say. You may make out of this what you choose; I merely repeat what I have been told.

Belton. Was he not making a fool of you, and trying to see if he could hoax you?

Mallett. By no means. He was very serious; and after giving me book and chapter for what he said, he finished by drawing my own horoscope very cleverly, thus showing that, at all events, he had studied the matter.

Belton. What did he prophesy about you?

Mallett. No matter; I shall not give you the chance of laughing at me.

Belton. You stimulate my curiosity. I think I should like to try some of these evocations and incantations, but I am sure

nothing would come of them. Is there any difficulty in performing them?

Mallett. No; there is no real difficulty; but numerous materials and objects are required which are not to be obtained without trouble and expense, and certain arrangements must be made which are sometimes not easy; and though, if any one were seriously inclined to try the experiments, any little obstacles could be easily overcome, yet it requires a certain patience, seriousness, determination, and trouble that few persons would take in the vague hope of arriving at results in which they have a complete distrust. That is the whole of the matter. I have often thought of trying the experiments myself; but I have to begin with no faith, and therefore I shrank before the little obstacles of trouble, expense, and time. Besides, I don't know precisely what I should do with a demon, or even a spirit, after I had raised it. I am more used to men and women, and I like them better. That is, I like a spirit plus a body more than a spirit minus a body. I talk and act more freely with them. As for the spirits that are said to come up at tables by the late processes of incantation, they are generally so badly educated, and speak such bad grammar, that I don't care for their company. I could stand any amount of bad grammar if they would only tell me something that we all of us do not know, and that we desire to know. To rap out by tedious processes feeble commonplaces of morality and tawdry statements of future existence which correspond solely to the vilest notions, or to advise us as to our conduct in copy-book phrases of evil communications corrupting good manners, does not pay. If what they said were really worth saying; I would endure even the tediousness of their methods; but I cannot see that they have added to our literature anything very valuable. Shakespeare has so terribly degenerated at the table that I feel sorry to see that he has lost his mind in losing his body.

Belton. But you have had strange experiences, have you not?

Mallett. Very strange experiences, which I cannot explain, and which nobody has ever been able to explain, to my satisfaction at least. But all that were of any note were physical and material results; and I do not accept any spiritual explanation of them. But don't let us talk about them now. They bore me, and they wouldn't amuse you.

Belton. You seem to consider the fact of the utter triviality of all that is written

* Since writing this, we have seen the death of the Abbé Constant announced in the Paris journals.

and rapped at tables to be sufficient proof that it does not come from spirits. I agree with you in thinking that their utterances are not from the so-called spiritual world; but I do not see why we should expect spirits out of the body to have more intelligence than spirits in the body. We have no reason to think so. We know absolutely nothing in respect to the changes which take place after death. It may be that pure and refined spirits, freed from the body, ascend to higher existence; but in that case it is difficult to imagine that such spirits would return to rap out foolish statements at tables. But, on the other hand, there are many low, mean, contemptible spirits dwelling here in the flesh to whom the body may lend apparent respectability, and, stripped of this garment which conceals their inanity of intellect and baseness of desires, they may fall in the scale of being even below what they seemed here. Such spirits — of the earth earthy — would long for the gratifications of the sense and the flesh, and might be supposed to haunt the earth to which their desires cling, and grasp at any means of communication with it. Their heaven would be the heaven of the senses, and of the life they had lost, and one would naturally expect from them lies, hypocrisies, and deceit of every kind. Freed from the body, the naked spirit would be what it desired — the high and pure of aspiration would therefore ascend to loftier planes of existence, the mean and base might descend even to lower. I only suggest this answer to any argument against spiritual communications founded upon their triviality, feebleness, and absurdity. Let us clear our minds of distinctions between human beings and spirits. We are all spirits; all our communications are spiritual. It is two spirits who talk together — not two bodies — here on earth. We have no warrant for the belief that the instant the spirit is freed from the body it necessarily leaves the earth — whatever be its condition — and becomes at once purified, and beyond its influences. It may be or it may not be; but it is certainly a possible supposition that they whose whole happiness, while here, has been in the joys of the body, and whose desires have been mean and depraved, may only continue to be possessed by the same desires, and long to regain the body through which they obtained their gratification.

Mallett. It never struck me before in this light, but it certainly is an intelligible theory, whether it be correct or not. We

all have faith in gradations of future being, and we believe that the spirit survives the body, and retains its identity; and why not suppose, if its preparation in this life has been for higher spheres, it would naturally ascend to them, while if it had been for lower spheres, it would equally descend to them? If, after death, we retain an individuality, we naturally must remain what we inherently are, with the same desires, the same aspirations, the same tendencies. This would, if we accept it, enable the human being here to shape for himself his future sphere, by the training of his thoughts and aspirations to what is lofty, pure, and refined on the one hand, or, on the other, to what is low, bestial, and degraded. We should thus reap what we ourselves have sown, and not be subject to any judgment and sentence outside of ourselves. Would not this recommend itself to our sense of perfect justice?

Belton. If we choose to take another step, we might suppose that repeated trials might be allotted to every spirit to climb up to higher spheres of existence by the purgation of its desires (since every spirit is what it desires), by its devotion to noble ends, by its constant experience that the low leads only to the low, by its sense of loss in consequence of its base aims.

Mallett. In respect to these so-called spiritual communications by means of table-rappings, and all that, we shall never have the phenomena properly investigated so long as we begin with a theory. To set out with the assumption that all the material phenomena are occasioned by spiritual intervention, is entirely unworthy of science and philosophy. But so strenuously is this theory advanced by believers, that the minds of those who pretend to investigate them are warped at the beginning: on the one side are those who are inclined to the spiritual theory, and on the other, those to whom such a theory is absurd and even worse; and both, for entirely opposite reasons, are averse to strict examination and investigation. The real question is, Do the facts exist or not? If so, how are they to be explained? If the facts clearly exist, it is idle to reject them because a foolish theory is advanced to explain them. Are there any facts outside our common experience of the laws of nature so called? If there be, let us arrange them with calmness and honesty. On both sides, on the contrary, I find precipitation and impatience. Those disposed to the spiritual theory accept

everything at once as spiritual. Those who are sceptical and unbelieving reject every fact as a cheat, without carefully investigating it or explaining it. It suffices the latter class on one or two occasions to detect a charlatan at work, or to encounter an entire failure of the experiment, to come to the conclusion that the whole thing is the result of charlatanism. But repeated failures or repeated cheating prove nothing. No scientific man would investigate any other question in the same spirit as he does this. If the matter were worthy of consideration at all, he would not be stopped in his researches by repeated failures to obtain his end. He would try again and again. He would not insist in the outset, for instance, that galvanism did not exist, unless he could produce its effects in the way he chose. He would not insist on his own conditions, and assert that unless the results were obtained through them, they did not exist at all. But this is what he constantly does in his professed investigation of so-called spiritual phenomena, because it is the term spiritual which annoys and disgusts him. If you recount to him any phenomena, perfectly material and physical, as having occurred in your presence under conditions contrary to his preconceived opinions or experience, he says, "It would not have occurred had I been there;" or he smiles, and says, "Ah, indeed!" and thinks you are a fool. If you press the point, and ask him to explain it, and tell him the details, and show him that his explanation does not accord with the facts, he assumes at once that you were incapable of investigation, that you were humbugged, or that you lie. Humbug is the great word he uses — a very expansive one, which means anything or nothing. If you reply, "How humbugged? where is the humbug? point it out — I desire to know as much as you;" he declines to particularize, and prefers the generalization of — humbug.

Belton. I cannot wonder at his condition of mind, nor fail to sympathize with his disgust at so much absurdity as is put forth by spiritualists in general.

Mallett. Nor I; but, at the same time, he should, I think, preserve a more scientific and philosophic attitude, and not decide until he has thoroughly investigated. There may be nothing in all this; he may be quite right, only he has not examined the question sufficiently to decide upon it. For all he has seen and can explain there may be something. Of all these phenomena some may be real and point to a law

not yet understood. Are there any such? It is not, to my mind, sufficient to try a few casual experiments on absolute conditions, and to reject the whole if failure ensues. In science one does not expect the first tentative experiment to succeed. Suppose the experiment fails a hundred times and succeeds once, the important fact is the one success, not the hundred failures. The truth is that all begin with scepticism — not honest scepticism which neither believes nor disbelieves, which is ready to accept or reject according to the evidence and facts, but scepticism with a loaded bias to unbelief. There is no reason either for or against the existence of any phenomenon *a priori*. The mere fact that it is contrary to our experience is no proof that it does not exist. Suppose a community of blind persons to exist on an island which had never been visited by any person who saw, and suppose by accident, a man with the power of sight should be thrown among them. How could he prove to them that this faculty really existed in him? He would at once be met by the statement that it was contrary to their experience, that no one they had ever heard of possessed such a faculty. Vainly would he reason with them. His exhibition of this faculty would be treated as humbug and charlatanism. He would say, for instance, "Place a person fifty yards from me, and beside him any selected person in whom you have confidence. I will tell you without moving from here every action he makes." He would do this. What would be the answer? Would the blind be convinced? Not at all; they would say, "You have a confederate; this knowledge is procured by a secret system of sounds and signs intelligible to the senses we all have, or by some method which we do not know; what we do know is that nobody can see." Or they would say, "Let us lock you up in a room all by yourself, with no doors or windows, and chain you there, and then you must tell us what is done in another house by a person we will lock up there, or what is done in the street outside." If you answer, "Under those conditions I cannot see;" they would cry out, "This proves it is all juggling. If you can't see as well in a box locked up at night as in the open air by day, you cannot see at all. There is no such power that exists; and though we do not detect the trick, it is nevertheless a trick." Don't you see that the seeing man in this case would be in a hopeless position? Suppose that there be any-

thing real—I do not say there is—but suppose there be anything real in the phenomena of tables rising in the air, the person through whose mediumship they are executed is, to the scientific man of to-day, in a position quite analogous to that of the seeing man among the blind or the hearing among the deaf, provided they have had no previous experience of such a faculty as sight or hearing.

Belton. You speak as if you believed in these phenomena. Do you?

Mallett. I was not speaking of my belief, nor did I intend to indicate whether I believed in any of them or not. I merely meant to say that the spirit in which they are investigated is not what I wish it were.

Belton. But do you believe?

Mallett. I believe what I have seen and what I have tested with all my senses. I mean the physical phenomena, for I have every proof of their reality that I have of anything, and I am not yet persuaded that I am an utter fool. But I do not undertake to explain them, much less do I accept the spiritual explanation. In my opinion there is quite as much stupidity in our incredulity as in our credulity. I cannot explain anything. It is an entire mystery how I see, how I hear, how I move my arm. Anatomists and scientific men explain to me the mechanism, and I understand that; but I do not understand how I set the mechanism in movement, nor they either. A man lives, sees, moves, one moment; the next moment he is what we call dead. The mechanism is the same, but the somewhat we cannot trace that moved it is gone. *A priori*, outside our experience one thing is as difficult to believe as another, and it is idle to attempt to set bounds to any operation of life by our experience. It is quite possible that we have subtle powers and faculties which have escaped our observation, and that are exercised at times unconsciously or only in certain abnormal conditions. Change for a moment the normal conditions of ordinary life, and instantly we have new phenomena, as in the case of madness, monomania, or delirium. In high fever the organs are far more susceptible than in health. What are you going to do with second-sight and ghosts, apparitions and premonitions? Will you reject them all? Is there nothing in them? or will you say with Dr. Johnson, "All argument is against it, but all belief is for it"? Are there no such things as sympathies and antipathies which we cannot explain, and yet which to us are real?

What is love? What is hate? No, we do not know anything yet; and there are, in my opinion, penumbral powers and senses surrounding our plain and definite ones, which we do not understand, and which we have not investigated. All I mean by this is, that it seems to me very foolish to cry out humbug at anything which is contrary to our common experience; and that it would be more scientific and honest to investigate calmly, than to ridicule without investigation. And this is all I have to say, and don't let us talk any more about it. I am ready to believe anything if you can prove it properly. I am ready to disbelieve it if you can show that it has absolutely no foundation; but I do not begin by believing or disbelieving before careful examination. If I have not examined into it, I merely say I know nothing, or, as Montaigne did, "*Que sais-je?*"

Belton. I daresay you are perfectly right; but my own persuasion is that ninety-nine one-hundredths of all this spiritualism is utter charlatantry, and I think I am very generous in giving you up the one one-hundredth. Do you remember that medium who, after gathering a considerable number of persons together at one of his *séances*, and finding that several had obtained entrance without paying for their tickets, rose—on a subsequent *séance*—before commencing his operations, and said: "I wish to make one observation—there's nothing riles the spirits so as coming in without paying"?

Mallett. I remember; and he was a very clever fellow, and knew what he was about. I have no doubt that the more money was paid the more his spirits were raised. But I admit that there are many charlatans of this kidney, and numbers of people whom they take in, and to whom the rubbish that is slowly rapped up at the table seems like inspired communications from the other world. My disgust at these fellows is quite equal to yours. I cannot use language too strong to express my abhorrence of those who, by lying arts, pretend to summon from the other world those who were dear as life to us, but who have passed away, and then put into their mouths those miserable lies. Think, for instance, of Charles Sumner's spirit being rapped up the other day, and giving this remarkable advice to his listeners—"You mustn't act selfish!"

Belton. Sometimes the messages rapped up are very amusing. Did you ever hear what the spirit of Dr. Webster, the mur-

derer of Dr. Parkman, once rapped up to an astonished audience?

Mallett. Never; but pray let me hear it.

Belton. Well, Webster as you know, killed Dr. Parkman to avoid paying a debt due to him; and when the spirit of Dr. W. presented itself to the table and was asked, as usual, what he was doing in the spirit-world, his answer was that he was keeping a boarding-house, and that Dr. Parkman was living with him, without paying, until he should work off or eat up the debt.

Mallett. That shows more ingenuity and intellect than one generally gets from the rapping spirits. If they would always be as amusing I should like to attend some *séances*.

Belton. Yes, if they would only be a little amusing, it would be a relief; after all, they might make such fun for us here: what a chance for them! but they are so deadly serious, and so sadly commonplace, that they are not good company. Heavens! only think of such a lot surrounding you in another world, and you without a body to hide away in, or a key to your door, and all of them swarming in upon you, with their futile remarks and sad commonplaces.

Mallett. It would be worse than the mosquitoes in the Western States of America. Why do we always think of spirits as being so serious? Are we to lose all our sense of humor when we lose our bodies? Are we never to amuse ourselves? Is there nothing in the other world to correspond to the enjoyments of this? Are all our art and poetry to be utterly swept away? Are there to be no varieties of character and personality? Shall we never laugh? Worse than this. According to the old superstition, we artists shall be in a pretty mess; for all the graven images we have made, and all the likeness of things in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth, will, it has been said, become endowed with life and pursue us, and haunt us, and torment us—a pleasant thought indeed! But what should I do there without art and poetry, and literature and music, and all these occupations and delights? Will there be no work for us to do? no books to read—no pictures to paint?

Belton. Music is, according to the general belief, admitted. We shall be able to sing. It will always be the same song; but we shall be able to sing it eternally; and we are told that we shall never tire of singing it. But as for painting pictures

and modelling statues, I have never heard we should be allowed to do that.

Mallett. I earnestly hope I shall have a body. I don't at all conceive how I could do without one. But every one tells me, and of course every one knows, that I shall not need a body; and that I shall be perfectly contented with doing nothing but sing. But how shall I sing if I have no body? What sort of preparation then are any of us making for such a world? If we are to be deprived of all means of exercising such faculties as we have spent our lives in training and cultivating here, what is the use of training and cultivating them at all? Why are these passionate desires given us here for what seems to us pure and noble, if, the moment we pass away from earth, they become perfectly useless? If to-morrow you were to deprive me of all these occupations, I should be very unhappy; and how can I be happy there deprived of them—that is, so long as I maintain my own identity and consciousness?

Belton. At all events I hope I shall have some kind of body to inhabit and use. It seems to me dreadful to think of wandering about a mere naked spirit, with no house to cover one. In fact, without a body I should be nobody. The idea of being blown about by the wind, or of being open to invasion by every other spirit, without any power of secrecy of thought and feeling, is abhorrent to my notions. I do not care to keep this body if I can find a better; but this is better than none; and I have lived in it so long, and had so much happiness in it, that I have a sort of fondness for it. If I take a new one, I should like it fresher, better, and handsomer in every way, more quickly responsive to the spirit, and not so easily tired. I should like too to be able to go to sleep in it, and so make excursions from it into other regions; for, of course, I hope there will be upper regions still. And of all things I should hope to be able to be alone sometimes if I chose. I like the odor of flowers. Do spirits smell? Are we to be out of our senses, so to speak? I hope not.

Mallett. Did you ever read "The Gates Ajar," by Miss Elizabeth Phelps? She takes up this question and develops it in a most peculiar way, and with much talent.

Belton. Yes, I have read it; and I hear it is very popular, as of course it would be. The vague notions of a future state of existence which are generally entertained are quite unsatisfactory. And I can easily understand that such a view as hers would

recommend itself to many. Her development of it to me is quite too material.

Mallett. At all events it does, after a peculiar fashion to be sure, recognize that the tastes, feelings, thoughts, and aspirations we cultivate here will not be utterly obliterated hereafter, and will find something hereafter to correspond to them. But come! our conversation has wandered widely enough, and it is time to break off. "Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood." Let us go and see it on the Pincio.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LADY ADELAIDE.

A STUDY.

"DEAR! Did you really? How clever!"

"I can put up with everything about her, but that '*How clever!*'" cried Elizabeth, when the lady had departed. "It always comes out in the same tone, and with the same emphasis. Whatever one does, if it be but the veriest trifle, something that even a Lady Adelaide could accomplish herself without too much trouble, it is sure to obtain that all-embracing epithet. I do not believe her vocabulary could supply any other note of admiration. She never rises above it, and never falls below. When she heard that Captain Webb had swum across the Channel, and that I had worked a crochet antimacassar, she said of us both, '*How clever!*'"

Her friend laughed.

"Is it not provoking, Anne?"

"Provoking? Perhaps; if it were worth being provoked about."

"You think it is not? But you don't know till you have been tried. I had rather endure one good sword-cut and have done with it, than be the victim of a thousand lancet-pricks. How often did you hear that little soft ejaculation during the last half-hour? Be on your honor, Anne."

"More than once, I confess."

"And you had noticed it?"

"Yes, I had."

"Well, was it not, as I said, called forth by great and small, somethings and nothings, alike? Was it not a most absurd comment, most promiscuously applied, by a most stupid woman? Come, Anne, join me; it will do you good, or, if not, it will do me good to hear it. Say what you think, you prudent Anne; confess, break forth, your fountain of wisdom, and overflow your banks like Jordan! You had noticed it, you had felt it all the time, and

yet you shake your head, you knit your brows? Oh, I fear you not; I shall say my say, and moan my moan, and none shall stop me. See, I am the better for it already! I have not—upon my word, I have not felt so charitably disposed towards the poor dear lady for a long time."

Anne, smiling—"That does you credit, surely. The prick of a pin stirs up this tempest, and the tempest subsides with the same show of reason wherewith it arose. A storm in a teacup, Lizzie. Much ado about —"

"Not nothing—not nothing, you tire-some creature! you will not surely pretend to declare that it is nothing?"

"You will not surely venture to affirm that it is something?"

"I affirm it, and maintain it, Anne."

"Then you are a little—foolish, dear."

"And you are a very great deal—exasperating, darling."

Anne smiles, Elizabeth laughs. The door opens, and a footman, with uncertain, bewildered steps, approaches the upper end of the room.

"My lady's gloves, ma'am. Under the sofa, or on the mantelpiece, or on the floor."

"The locality being so precisely described, he cannot fail to find them immediately," observes his mistress, aside.

"Look on the piano, William."

On the piano the gloves are discovered, and carried off, doubled up on a salver.

"Now it will be, '*How clever!*' to have found them so quickly! and with more grounds for saying so than usual," continued Mrs. Tresham, with curled lip. "Anne, you might have pity upon me. What may be amusing in a friend, is torture from a relation. If Lady Adelaide could only be metamorphosed into an ordinary acquaintance—a neighbor even, though not too near at hand—how joyfully would I engage her in conversation, nor dream of attempting to clear a single cobweb off her brains!"

"You would simply despise her more than ever."

"No, no, no; at least I think not."

"You would."

"And have you no compassion? Yet I would grieve from my heart if you should ever have the misfortune to be tacked on to a—Lady Adelaide. What can I say more? Yet, I defy you, even you, my mentor, to twist anything undutiful or disrespectful out of such a tame conclusion, such a paltry climax."

Anne, gravely—"She is a very kind-hearted woman."

"So she is."

"And you have no fault to find with her, save that she calls you clever?"

"*Clevar*, not *clever*. You missed the accent, dear."

"Is that her only fault?" perseveres Anne.

"Hum! I did not say so; I did not go so far as that. Her only great fault, perhaps her only perpetual, ever-recurring fault."

"She has no other that you cannot condone?"

"Is not this enough? I began years ago, by being called a clever child, then I was a clever girl, and now I am a clever woman. I was tired of the word, before I had ever seen Lady Adelaide; now, I am perfectly sick of it."

"After all, Lizzie, what a baby you are!"

"A baby, if you like. I have no objection at all to being called a baby. Nice, little, soft, fluffy things, made to be petted and kissed. But the other is a term of abuse, a positive insult."

"Nonsense!"

"It is; so applied, by such lips. Nay, Anne, sweet Anne, frown not so seriously. It spoils thy dimples, Anne, contorts the brow, and distorts the mouth. I say it again, again, again; I will not be called a 'clever' woman."

Anne — "One might be called a worse thing."

Elizabeth, confidentially — "But, good Anne, one word. Were you ever tired of being called *pretty*?"

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Lady Adelaide and her new niece were, as may have been gathered by the foregoing dialogue, perhaps as ill suited to each other as it was possible for any two people to be.

Elizabeth, a gay, triumphant bride, in the heyday of her charms, little disposed to tolerate anything contemptible and ridiculous, was seriously disturbed by finding in the relation who of all her newly acquired kindred stood nearest to her, one who was a perpetual source of mortification.

Yet Lady Adelaide was all that a fine lady has any need to be.

She was cheerful, gentle, and indolent; inclined to patronize bazaars and work-parties — her young friends in general, and Elizabeth in particular.

Her nephew's wife was quite charming — so lively, so clever.

It was only a pity they did not see more of each other. John used to be in and out continually — the Priory had been

quite his home; but that could not be expected now. The young people were sure to be so much sought after, they would be such acquisitions in any society, that of course their engagements must be numerous.

And then dear Elizabeth was so accomplished, had so many resources, — not an idle body like her old aunt, who had time to run about and bore all her neighbors.

Behind backs Lady Adelaide was as charitable as her niece was merciless.

"Elizabeth thinks she's a born fool," quoth John.

"John! I never used such an expression in my life!"

"Do you not think so?"

Now Elizabeth did.

John, for his part, was rather fond of his aunt.

She was invariably kind and good-humored, and more he did not expect from her; indeed her foibles were so far from being an annoyance to him, that it may be questioned whether he would not have missed something out of his life if Lady Adelaide had grown sensible.

With Elizabeth, of course, it must be different.

No softening influences of association could deaden her feelings, no early impressions of awe hold her senses still in check. Lady Adelaide broke upon her mature vision with all the shock of a novelty, and unfortunately that vision was only too acute.

Elizabeth could be magnanimous, she could pardon, but she could never fail to see.

"What would you have?" cried John. "She is good-looking and good-tempered, and never said an unkind word of any one in her life. She is the most popular woman in the neighborhood."

"Then I shall be the most unpopular."

"Very likely."

"You won't ask me why? It is because we are the very antipodes of each other in every respect."

"So you are. I like you best, but you will find that mine is not the general opinion."

"Most people will like Sir Walter a great deal better than you."

"That is a fact, again."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I don't care for the opinion of most people."

"Neither do I."

"And if everybody in the world were to say so, they would never convince me

that you were not worth a hundred Sir Walters, and ——"

"Go on."

"That I am not worth a thousand Lady Adelaides."

"Ha! ha! so I think. But, little one, clever as you are, there is one thing you cannot do—and that is, argue."

How came John always to have the best of it? Chatter as she might, this quick-witted and high-spirited girl was as devotedly subject to her sober-minded husband as any wife ever was in this world before.

It was evident that she was a happy bride.

Contentment beamed in her lively dark eye; and the ring of her quick firm footstep, the snatches of song which broke forth at intervals through the little house, the pleasure she took in her pretty possessions, the glory in her small achievements, all spoke of the satisfaction of a heart at rest.

Still, the dead fly in the ointment was there, small though it was. That fly—would any one have guessed it?—was Lady Adelaide.

On the day succeeding that which witnessed the little ebullition above narrated, Elizabeth was busy with her hyacinths, when the barouche from the Priory swept up the modest drive, and her aunt in February furs and velvet bonnet alighted.

"My dear, I came early—I know you will excuse it; how sweet, how delicious this room is! All from the hyacinths? Yes? Your uncle and I hope that you and John—so full of the sun too—charming, quite charming!" We must have some people you know, my dear, to meet you; and perhaps Thursday week—take care, my love, the new carpet! watering-pot drippings may have paint on them. Oh, there are drops on the velvet table, too! Your handkerchief? Ah, yes, quite dry—no harm done. But, my dear, will that day suit you? No other engagement?"

"We have no engagements at all, thank you."

"Not yet? no? really?"

Elizabeth brought one of her glasses into the ray of sunlight.

The young couple had not been settled in their new home above a fortnight: it was natural to suppose that their evenings might be still at liberty.

Nor did Lady Adelaide feel the smallest degree of astonishment. It was she who ought to introduce her niece. It was at their house Elizabeth must make her first appearance, and she had been only waiting

for Sir Walter to recover from his last attack of the gout to issue her cards. She calculated that by the day fixed on he would be well enough to receive his guests; and though Elizabeth had been duly waited upon by the principal neighboring families, it was only now that she might begin to expect the inevitable invitations. Thus, although she cried, "Not yet? no? really?" with all due fervor and impressiveness, her unmoved countenance betrayed that she exclaimed by rote.

"May we consider that fixed then, my dear?"

"Oh, certainly, Aunt Adelaide—very happy. John ——"

"You will ask John? Quite right, so right. Always consult your husband's wishes. And you will let us know? But you will accept nothing else for that evening?"

"I beg your pardon. I am sure—I know I may answer for John; he is always glad to go to the Priory, so would certainly wish me to say yes at once. I was only going to say he is out this morning."

"So sorry to miss him, but you were the person I chiefly came to see. And you really say yes? That is charming! then I can send Thomas round at once. So thoughtful of you, my love, if you are quite sure John will not mind—for of course it does make a difference to know. One ought to try to get together the right people to meet each other. But how can one if you are unable to fix the day?" reasoned the lady, wisely.

"Yes, certainly, you may depend upon us."

"Oh, and Miss Chorley, that charming beautiful friend of yours, of course we include her; or must I, ought I not to write a separate invitation? Undoubtedly I ought. You think not? really?"

"She left us this morning, thank you."

"Dear! this morning! Is it possible?"

Now Anne had arrived on a week's visit, the week had expired, and she had departed—what more could be said? Anne had herself informed Lady Adelaide of the duration of her stay; and Elizabeth, alive to everything, remembered having heard the same "Is it possible?" on the subject a few days before.

"Then I need not write?"

Plainly not.

"But we should have been so glad, so pleased to have seen her, and of course a special invitation,—and, my dear Elizabeth, your white satin,—you won't mind,

will you, just this once? Sir Walter does like to be old-fashioned, you know, and a bride out of white satin —”

“Would be a queen without a crown? Very well, Aunt Adelaide, white satin it shall be; wreath and veil too, I suppose?”

“My dear! But you are only in jest. Orange-blossom, you know, is quite inadmissible except upon the day — *quite*. Your maid must take it off the dress even. You know that — yes? And, my love, your music; you will bring your music and your drawings — some of those foreign sketches you took last autumn, so bright and pretty; and — and —”

“Pray, nothing more this time. My music I will bring, but the sketches are on such a very small scale, surely there will be some one among the guests more fitted to exhibit than I?”

“My dear, how can you say so! Every one admires them exceedingly — so spirited, so clever!”

Elizabeth started, the obnoxious epithet settled the question; nothing should induce her to be shown off to her aunt's guests.

But, when the time came, Lady Adelaide was not to be foiled. The portfolio, to be sure, was not at hand, but it existed; and she could still whisper in audible asides, “Sketches, too, charmingly — charmingly. Hall absolutely amazed. Lord Guelder, quite the best amateur last season, came on purpose to see them. I assure you he did. Came all the way to Kensington. So accomplished! So clever!”

Or her niece could catch, “A sweet place the Cottage, is it not? And she has made it so pretty, so fresh and bright. Nice new furniture, birds, flowers, — quite a genius for arranging flowers, — and all the little elegant knickknacks put about. Shows such taste in everything.”

Or, “Are you a worker, my dear? You must get my niece to show you her embroidery — that new kind of work, you know, in wools. All done from nature, I assure you, every stitch in it. What can the name be? Elizabeth, my love, what is the name of that beautiful wool-work you do, all from nature? Miss de Bury is longing to see it.”

Elizabeth could not forgive her.

“I am helpless whatever she chooses to say, John. I cannot contradict, because it is bad manners. I cannot help hearing; and if I attempt to turn it aside, Lady Adelaide is sure to make herself only the more ridiculous; and me too, that is the worst of it. People will suppose that I

am enjoying it! That new kind of wool-work! Why, every creature does it, and Miss de Bury worked some a year and a half ago.”

“What is it?”

“Oh, crewels. You know the thing, though you don't know the name. That honeysuckle I did for the little black chair, that was it. And then about our flowers, she is really very kind, you know, in bringing them, and then she is quite amazed because I put them into water. How people will laugh at us!”

“No, they won't. They know her too well.”

“Why does she fix upon me? You are her relation, yet she never annoys you in the same way.”

“You are mistaken. I heard her exalting my knowledge of horses to Mr. Foster, at the other end of the dinner-table.”

“Your knowledge of horses!”

“And advising him to apply to me for the next hunters he wanted.”

“To Mr. Foster! The master of foxhounds!”

“Even so.”

“John! *Poor John!*”

“Ay, poor John! I don't think any of your experiences will beat that, my little Elizabeth.”

“No, indeed. But how did you bear it? Did you not suffocate?”

“Oh dear, no! I took a mouthful of sherry, and bore up very well.”

“But is it not dreadful?”

John shrugged his shoulders.

“It is her way, Lizzie; everybody has some peculiarity.”

“A peculiarity need not be offensive.”

“Very true. Do not be offended by it.”

“John, I shall take a lesson from you. You are the best John, the most patient John, the most wonderful John that ever was made. If I had heard that said to Mr. Foster, I should have jumped up, and *screamed*. Oh! you know what I mean. Of course you never set up for being a judge, and to a man who does! What do you suppose he thought?”

Elizabeth was so taken up with her husband's wrongs that she almost forgot her own.

So matters went on.

Lady Adelaide, having no children of her own, took a maternal interest in her nephew and all who belonged to him.

At least four days in the week the bay horses trotted through the Cottage gate, and the kind soul, full of smiles and presents, sailed into the drawing-room. The excitement did her all the good in the

world; but, unfortunately, as it raised her spirits, and stirred up her gentle, sluggish nature, it served also more prominently to display its defects.

"My dear, do tell me about your servants. Are they comforts to you? I don't mean in the way of understanding their duties, and keeping things properly,—that, we can all see, is satisfactory; but are they *comforts*? So much depends upon that in a household; indeed it does. So I told John when we set about engaging them. We did our best, to be sure; but it is such a lottery. Old, attached servants are the only ones of any value."

"Very true, Aunt Adelaide," gravely.

"And you really are pretty well off? You will excuse my asking, I know, my dear; for it was such a responsibility. And so little experience as you have had, it would have been cruel to have inflicted bad servants upon you."

"They promise very well, thank you. I know," continued Elizabeth, with a little twinge of conscience, "that you took a great deal of trouble."

"No trouble in the world, my love. I would gladly be of any use. And as to the house—a new house, you know, quite untested; no smoky chimneys? Bells ringing properly? That's well; Sir Walter and I were talking about the chimneys last night. I told him John would be sure to let him know; for of course it would be Sir Walter's place to put them in order. So mind you tell us; no reserves, my dear."

"And then your calls?" proceeded Lady Adelaide, starting afresh. "You keep a book? you are returning them all in order?"

"Not a book. Indeed I can get on without that."

"Ah, you are so thoughtful, so clever. But indeed a book is a great help, an absolute necessity. When I was a bride I could never have got on at all without my visiting-book."

"You lived in London, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Yes, my dear, for many years. Sir Walter was in the Guards, you know. We had an immense circle of acquaintances."

"And we," said Elizabeth, "have half a dozen."

"Half a dozen! More than that, surely. Certainly, we manage to do without a book, somehow, at the Priory. I did not think of that. I only recollected my own experience when I was first married."

By-and-by it was, "Your tradespeople are attentive? Send proper joints? Never

have loins of mutton, my dear,—the most wasteful dish there is. And as for ribs of beef, my housekeeper tells me that there is no under-cut in them. Positively no under-cut. Little hints of that kind are invaluable to receive. I never order ribs of beef now."

This passed. Elizabeth, neither knowing nor caring anything about the merits of under-cuts, was still ruminating mischievously on the droll idea of establishing a visiting-book wherein to detail in order the names of the residents in a small and remarkably quiet neighborhood, when her mistress departed.

"We are to keep a book, John, of all our engagements, and I am to enter in it my visitors as they call, in succession. First of all came Mr. and Mrs. Foster, then the rector and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore. I am afraid it will be Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Lord Burchell, and Mrs. and Miss Page-Gore over and over again, unless I am to insert Lady Adelaide herself here and there, by way of variety. And, John, be sure you only engage old and valued servants, it is so important that they should be attached to you —"

"Lizzie!"

Elizabeth hung her head.

The next day she had a cold.

Down came Lady Adelaide kinder than ever. Black-currant tea, lozenges,—the best were the *pâtés-de guimauves*, quite invaluable, had cured Sir Walter repeatedly,—and jelly, a little currant jelly, so soothing and refreshing,—were all by turns prescribed. The jelly should be sent down from the Priory at once, and the lozenges she would order on her way back through the village. Oh, it was a mere nothing, a mile or two round—the drive would do her good. Was Elizabeth's throat blistered? Had she a headache? Feverish?

Yes, all three; and she would have given the world to be let alone besides.

John came to the rescue.

"She is not to talk, and this room is too warm for you, Aunt Adelaide; come and take a turn round the garden."

"And is poor dear Elizabeth to be left by herself?"

Even so. Hard-hearted John kept his visitor out of doors during the whole of her stay, and saw her safely off in the barouche ere he returned to his wife's room for the remainder of the day.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this morning?"

Before nine o'clock, Elizabeth's abigail brought this message, as she arranged her mistress's tea-tray by the bedside.

Elizabeth was no better.

"My lady's compliments, ma'am, to know how you is, this afternoon?" Worse.

A groom rode over in the evening. His master and mistress were going to Brighton on the following day, but would put off their departure if Mrs. Tresham was no better.

By no means. Mr. Tresham would not hear of such a thing. The doctor had just left, and there was nothing to be in the least alarmed about.

Accordingly a dainty note was left at the Cottage on the following day, when the carriage returned from the station.

"My dear, *do* take care of yourself. I feel quite cruel, quite *wicked*, running off in this way. But Sir Walter thinks we must; and dear John, too, so like himself, to insist upon it. A few lines, a post-card, sent to B— Square will let us know how you are. Pray, my dear Elizabeth, do not think of writing yourself. John or your maid will, I know, kindly take the trouble. — *In haste*, your affectionate

"AUNT ADELAIDE.

"P.S. — So *much* to do.

"P.S. — Have you tried a *Porous Plaster* on the chest?"

Sick as she was, Elizabeth laughed aloud.

"John, your aunt is perfect. She is unique. Where did you get such an aunt? Pray, John, get me a porous plaster to put on my chest, because my throat is sore. And John, go at once to the post-office and get a post-card, or, better still, send a telegram. Oh dear! I am very naughty and very wretched. Even my ears seem to ache, and my head, eyes, everything. When will the doctor come?"

The doctor gave very little comfort when he did come.

It was a sore throat, a very sore throat. It hurt her very much when she swallowed? Humph! Could she gargle? He prescribed a gargle and went away. But at night he came again. He happened to be passing, and thought perhaps they might like him to look in. Could Mrs. Tresham let him have a peep?

John held the candle, and there it was, the dreaded white bar all down one side of the throat.

"That will do," said Dr. Birch, carelessly. "We must get that throat put

right somehow, Mrs. Tresham, and you must have some sleep. It is too sore? Ah! yes, sore throats are very uncomfortable things. There are a great many of them going about just now. I won't trouble you longer at present. Suppose I go down-stairs to write the prescription."

Then he gave John a look, and they left the room together.

"Why, this is brandy!" cried Elizabeth. "Ah! how it burns!"

"Yes, dear, it is thought good for you."

"John! what is the matter with me?"

"The matter!"

"Yes, you look so strange. I can't take any more, indeed I can't. Don't ask me. Only let me lie still. Oh, I don't — want gruel; I — hate gruel." The last sentences broken, and uttered with difficulty.

"Don't go — away, John."

"Only for a few minutes, dear. I am going to sit up with you to-night."

A slip of the tongue this, but it passed unheeded.

"How long Dr. Birch has stayed!" said she, presently.

He was silent.

"Is he only gone now?"

Now at that moment the good doctor was comfortably ensconced in John's own easy-chair by the fireside in the library, with a pair of John's own slippers on his feet. He had expected this in the morning, and made his arrangements accordingly. Mrs. Tresham was dangerously ill.

The fever did not increase rapidly; it rather appeared to gain ground with insidious, unseen footsteps.

She was not exactly worse, she was certainly not better.

The white bar came a little further into the mouth.

Dr. Birch breathed more freely. "If we can but keep it there," he said. "If we can prevent its going down the throat again, we shall do."

Alas! it crept round to the other side.

"Poor dear John! poor dear fellow! Dear! Dear! *Dear!* DEAR! Oh, how sad, how sad! I must, and will, go to him directly. Snowing? What if it is? I cannot get wet in a railway carriage; and what if I did, either? Dear me, if the line should be blocked! But it only came on an hour ago. Ring the bell, dear, please. Oh, Marshall, poor Mrs. Tresham is so much worse, so alarmingly worse! It is dreadful, quite *dreadful!* and I am going off to her at once."

"What is the use of your going off at

once? Indeed I can't see any good in your going at all. If you must go, wait till to-morrow," pronounced Sir Walter in his sleepy, selfish way, chipping off the shell of his egg as he spoke, and examining it with the eye of a connoisseur. "What good will your going do to anybody? And in such atrocious weather too!"

"My dear! but you do not consider what you are saying. It is true I might be but of little use, but at least I could entertain the doctor, and ——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed her husband. "So you go to entertain the doctor!"

"It would release dear John, would allow him to devote himself entirely to his — oh, I cannot bear to think of it!" cried the kind creature. "Who knows what may be happening, what may have actually taken place by this time? How could I not go? How could I answer it to my own conscience if that poor dear child were to die ——"

"Nonsense! Who talks of dying? You have put yourself into an altogether unnecessary ferment, Adelaide. There is not a word of dying in the letter. Besides, if it were as bad as that, you would be most certainly *de trop*, and would wish yourself back here again."

"I might be a little comfort to him. And John never makes me feel *de trop*."

"Well, well, I daresay not. But don't let us have any more fuss. Drink your tea, my dear, and think it over; there is abundance of time."

The tea was drunk, but scarcely was the last drop tasted, ere she broke forth again.

"Such a perfect marriage! Everything so suitable! A charming creature, so handsome, so lively, so clever! Poor John! poor dear John! Who could ever have foreseen an ending like this!"

"Adelaide, do, for pity's sake, not set up that doleful cry again." Sir Walter grew quite testy. "How can I enjoy my chop, or toast, or anything whilst you are making such a din? I like my breakfast to be a pleasant meal; it ought not to be disturbed by disagreeables."

"But, my love" — Lady Adelaide, a pattern wife, was perplexed how to express herself.

The door was opened, and a hot dish was brought to Sir Walter's elbow.

"Muffin? ah! nice and brown too. The sort of day to eat muffins on, as somebody says somewhere. Have some muffin, my dear, while it is hot, and let us hear no more of this, just now. There will be

another letter to-morrow, and a better account, we will hope."

"As if I could wait till to-morrow! It is diphtheria, my dear, *diphtheria*! The most shockingly fatal complaint. Ah! how little we thought ——"

"Well, this is most provoking! I thought we had done with it at last, and now you begin all over again. How can you set yourself to be so unpleasant, Adelaide? One would really think you did it on purpose. Here is everything nice and comfortable, just as it ought to be, and I am not to be allowed to enjoy it. If I cannot have peace and quiet at my meals, I would rather go without food altogether."

"I assure you I am really very sorry, my dear. Pray take another cup, such good tea, and the pot is quite full. And Marshall, be so good as look up Bradshaw at once, and let me know which is the very first train that I can catch to Stoke Ferrington."

"You are really going?" Sir Walter raised his eyebrows.

There was no doubt about her going.

Bells rang, maids hurried hither and thither. Marshall received a summons every five minutes; and my lady, distracted betwixt her duty to her husband, her orders to her housekeeper, the claims of her engagements, the barking of her dogs, and the chattering of her parrot, grew every minute more and more bewildered and incoherent.

"Jeannette goes with me, of course. Did I not say so? And Marshall. No, Marshall must stay to attend on his master. Sir Walter must not be inconvenienced. I had better not take Thomas either, it would disturb Sir Walter to drive out without him. What did you say, good Jeannette? Oh, we shall get on very well, admirably. I am not at all afraid."

"Miladi knows de stairshon?" suggested Jeannette, doubtfully.

"Stoke Ferrington, my good girl. Stoke Ferrington is our own station, you know — our station at home. We have only to get there and the carriage will meet us."

"The carriage, miladi!"

"Oh, well, good Robinson will send us up in his comfortable fly. Or Mr. Tresham will drive down in the dogcart. Poor dear! of course he will be there to meet us — that is, if he knows we are coming."

"Miladi has then sent the message?"

"Have I sent it? Yes — no — I really forget, and it does not signify. I daresay he would never get it if I did, or read it if

he got it. No, Marshall, no; thank you for reminding me, but I prefer not to send one. I would not have them troubled on any account at such a time. Mr. Tresham will have quite enough to think of, and it might be inconvenient to send. No, no—we shall get on very well. Jeannette, there is no need for more. Let us take the least possible luggage we can. Why take any? Would not a carpet-bag be sufficient—a carpet-bag which you could hang on your arm? Well, well, but let there be as little as possible. No evening dresses, no other bonnet. And now, Jeannette, my mantle. What comforts these fur-lined mantles are, to be sure! Ah! if dear Elizabeth had only worn one of these; but it is too late to regret it now. Has Marshall ordered the cab? Run and see, Jeannette—quick! The time is flying, and cabs go so slowly. Yet I could not take our own poor horses out on such a day. What, not come? Marshall must send—it *is* come? Then let us be off, at once, at once."

In vain Sir Walter murmured his disapproval—less urgently indeed now that his personal comfort was no longer interfered with, but still in uncompromising accents. The front door opened, and out she sallied,—her long dress, although on one side held up high enough to do duty for both, trailing far behind her on the other,—her hands encumbered with muff, purse, and satchel.

"Now, my good man, I will give you double fare if you take us in time for the twelve-o'clock train. The twelve-o'clock train to Stoke Ferrington, mind—not the London twelve-o'clock express train."

"All right, ma'am, I'll do it if it can be done," said the man, resolutely, casting about in his mind for some roundabout streets in which he could spin out the time.

"Is it a block, Jeannette? Look out and see. What shall we do if it is a block?"

The station, in spite of all strategy, was reached so soon, that Lady Adelaide, forgetting that Brighton is not London, could hardly be persuaded to believe otherwise than that a mass of vehicles obstructed her path.

The cabman, however, got his double fare, and she had now the difficulties of the ticket-office to encounter.

But these difficulties had loomed so gigantically before the eyes of the household in B—Square, that Marshall himself—the magnificent Marshall—had run round in the snow, and all to save his

poor, foolish, kind mistress from a hopeless tangle of confusion.

He should have been on the box-seat of the cab, of course, but my lady had actually driven off whilst he was filling for her the flask of her travelling-bag, which she had only produced at the last moment. He was at the station before her, flask in hand. My lady was quite touched; and it never occurred to her to wonder that Marshall should, on his feet, have preceded her indomitable driver with his cab.

She was safely seen into a disengaged carriage, presented with her tickets, which Marshall kept his eye upon, until they were safely stowed away in the satchel; and then, he thought, with Jeannette by her side, she might be brought through; though it was not without a qualm that the worthy major-domo saw the train depart.

Faster and faster fell the snow.

Ridges formed upon the windows of the railway carriages; and between the flakes which settled on the panes, and slowly melting trickled down outside, and the steam arising from the warmer atmosphere within, the country through which the travellers passed was almost invisible to them.

The hot-water pans rapidly cooled. Every time a door was opened, came in a blast of air so chill, so withering, that the passengers wrapped in their thickly-folded rugs shuddered from head to foot. Guards and porters, with snow-tipped hats and shoulders, blue faces, red noses, watery eyes and palsied hands, struggled with their duties. Travellers, either muffled to the ears in Ulster coats and comforters, or equally well shrouded in sealskin and Shetland veils, sought the shelter as a haven of refuge.

How dismal, how cross they looked! There was the burly middle-aged man with snow on his whiskers, the soldier with ice on his moustache, the schoolgirl with thin kid gloves, the schoolboy with no gloves at all—each one more wretched, more unaccommodating than the other.

"Horrible!" escaped from Jeannette; but no syllable of complaint crossed the lips of her mistress.

Strange to tell, yet true, Lady Adelaide and her waiting-woman reached Stoke Ferrington in safety, and the only mistake they made was in going a little beyond it.

"Why, this is Becksley! Becksley is on the other side of Stoke Ferrington! Guard! guard! are we in the right train?"

"Depends on where you are going to, ma'am."

"Going?—to Stoke Ferrington, to be

sure! I know we have passed it, for this is the way we go to London. What shall we do?"

She had to get out, and wait in the bitter cold at a little side station for nearly an hour. Yet she never faltered.

"This fire might be a little larger, but what there is of it is quite hot. Come nearer, Jeannette—come, my good girl, warm your feet as I do. Oh, there is plenty of room—plenty. You are cold as well as I. Ah! I wonder how poor Mrs. Tresham is now? But we must not expect to hear till we are there."

It was late in the afternoon ere the travellers arrived at the Cottage.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

For once in her life, Lady Adelaide had no words. Mutely she gazed into her nephew's face to read the verdict there; and it was with almost an hysterical gasp of relief that she sank down on a seat afterwards.

"Aunt Adelaide!"

"My dear boy!"

"You have come from Brighton on a day like this?"

"My poor John, to be sure I have. How is she?"

"Better—decidedly better. Quite a change since last night. But, my dear aunt—"

John looked perfectly confounded.

"You shall not be troubled with us, my dear. I have thought it all over. We will go down to that good little inn where I know they will do everything to make us comfortable. Jeannette is to tell the driver—it is all arranged. But I could not help coming, though Sir Walter said it was foolish."

"Foolish!" cried John, seizing both her hands, and choking down a great sob in his throat—"foolish! It was the best, and the kindest, and—and—there isn't one woman in a thousand would have done it. God bless you, aunt! Neither she nor I will ever forget this."

"Oh, my dear!"

She was quite overcome. Two large, warm tears rolled down her cheeks, and settled on the velvet strings of her bonnet.

"To think of your coming here all by yourself, and fighting your way among porters and cabmen!" continued John, aware of the miseries this involved to his helpless relative. "You, who never travelled alone in your life! And the Priory closed! And not a creature to meet you! But go to the inn you shall not. Here

you have come, and here you must stay. I wish it were a palace for your sake."

"Dear, kind boy!" murmured she. "It was nothing, a mere nothing—so glad—so thankful—such a happy ending—"

John had hurried out of the room.

"Coals of fire! Yes, indeed, my little wife, a perfect furnace is about to descend on your head now."

It would doubtless have been more prudent if the knowledge of Lady Adelaide's arrival could have been concealed from the sick one.

But independently of the fact that in so small a dwelling it was difficult to conceal any event that took place, John felt that he owed it to his aunt to let her journey and its object be known.

True, had he suggested secrecy, she would not only have acquiesced without a murmur, but would have instantly felt that she had been imprudent in expecting anything else; but it would have been a disappointment which he could not have borne to inflict. More, it would have been an injustice. Elizabeth must know, ought to know, the true worth of one whom she valued so slightly.

Although weak, the invalid was now on the way to recover; and he felt he might venture on the announcement without danger of harming her.

Like his own, her first emotion was one of extreme surprise.

"John! Aunt Adelaide! What for? How did she come? How long has she been here?"

"When I wrote yesterday, dear, you were very ill. Dr. Birch was anxious about you. I could not disguise it in my letter, and it they only received this morning. The better report I sent to-day will not arrive there till to-morrow."

"And you mean that Sir Walter and Lady Adelaide set off on the strength of that letter?"

"Not Sir Walter. He is safe at Brighton."

"John, did she come by herself?"

"By herself; bringing that French girl with her."

"On this dreadful day!"

"Drove up from the station in that old jangling fly with its broken window, and was preparing to sleep to-night at the public-house!"

"You will not let her?"

"No, dear, no. It is all settled. And now, Elizabeth, what do you think of the poor aunt now?"

Elizabeth's pale face flushed.

"I should like to see her."

On tiptoe Lady Adelaide came, her long silk dress rustling behind her all the way up-stairs, and getting itself shut into the doorway as she approached the bedside.

None of them once thought of the infection.

Lady Adelaide stooped to kiss her niece, and Elizabeth threw her arms around her neck.

("She may call me *clever* every day of my life from this time henceforth, but I will never think of her as a fool again.")

From Fraser's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VEGETARIAN.*

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

REPORTED BY C. O. GROOM NAPIER, OF
MERCHISTON, F.G.S.

AFTER the reading of my paper on the vegetarian cure for intemperance, before the Bristol Meeting of the British Association in 1875, I was addressed by an elderly gentleman and his wife, who said my views were strictly in accordance with theirs. After some conversation, we adjourned to his hotel, where he hospitably entertained me and gave me a narrative of his life, with permission to publish it in the interest of the good cause, suppressing his name and abode, as he said he was particularly shy and retired in his habits, and had a great objection to see his name in print.

He was born in the north of England in 1811; but although his hair was grey he otherwise appeared better preserved by fifteen years than most persons of his age. His father was a minister of religion, and he was the eldest of twelve children. He was of ancient and distinguished lineage, but his father never having had more than 300*l.* a year, he was obliged to send his children out early into the world, and so at fourteen he was put into a house of business in a great northern town.

For the first three years he had nothing but his board with one of the senior clerks, but at the end of that time he got as much dry bread and water for his lunch as he could take and ten shillings a week to board and lodge himself. He accidentally obtained some works on vegetarianism, and was resolved to put in prac-

tice what he had read, as otherwise he found he could not support and clothe himself decently. I will give, now, his own words as nearly as I can recollect.

"I was seventeen years of age then, five feet eight inches high, and strongly built. I had but ten shillings a week for everything. How should I best lay it out? The senior clerk took me as a lodger at eightpence a week, for one good room. There was a bedstead in it, but no bedding or other furniture. I was resolved to do what best I could, and owe no man anything. Some canvas coverings, which my good mother had put round my packages, served me to make a mattress when filled with hay. For the first eight weeks I slept in my oldest clothes on this mattress. My diet was ample and nourishing, but very cheap. Threepence a day was the cost. About one pound of beans, which did not cost more than a penny, half a pound of bread daily, and two halfpenny cabbages, and three pounds of potatoes in the week. Twopenny worth of seed oil,* one pound of twopenny rice, and about a farthing's worth of tartar† from the wine-casks, constituted my very nourishing diet.

"When my parents sent me a basket of fruit, I indulged in it freely; but I did not care for it unless the carriage was paid, which was not always the case. Thus 1*s.* 9*d.* for my food and 1*s.* 6*d.* for my lodging, and 9*d.* 2*qr.* for my fuel and light, left me 5*s.* 11*d.* 2*qr.* for other purposes. At the end of the eight weeks I have specified, I was in possession of above 2*l.* It took me nearly this sum to purchase a straw paillasse, blankets, sheets, and pillows second-hand. I persevered for another year on this diet, and found myself in possession of about 12*l.* As I had some respectable acquaintances in the town, I resolved on spending this sum in furniture, in order that I might have a decent room into which to ask my visitors. Taking a lesson from the poet Goldsmith, I had 'a bed by night and a chest of drawers by day,' so that my apartment, alternately sitting-room and bedroom, was suitable for lady visitors. I often invited the lady you see sitting opposite to you, to take tea on Sunday with me and then go to church. She was my own age exactly, and was the prey of a cruel stepmother;

* Oil from *rape* seed or *sesamé* seed, which last is a favorite oil in the East for cooking, and is procurable in London at half the price of olive oil; it much resembles almond oil.

† The object of the tartar was to take the place of ripe fruit as a vegetable acid.

* [This Defoe-like sketch of human character will, we believe, be found worth reading, apart from questions of diet. — Ed.]

she was in fact a sort of Cinderella in a large family. Her stepmother aimed at marrying her to a widower of forty-five, with seven children, but this my young girl of eighteen objected to. Her father at first sanctioned our engagement, but when a suitor in a good position came forward for his daughter, he forbade me the house and made her walk daily with the gentleman whom we nicknamed 'number forty-five.' I resolved to marry her as soon as I could furnish two more rooms and had laid in a good stock of clothes.

"My young lady studied my vegetarian books and determined not to eat any meat at home. All the family laughed at her, but she was sufficiently resolute to withstand ridicule.

"She told her father that he having once sanctioned her engagement to me, she must be bound to me and could not accept any one else. Her father remonstrated with her, but it was of no use. At the end of the two years, when I had just passed my twentieth birthday, I called on her father and said, 'I have now three rooms well furnished, and am able to keep your daughter; I want you to fix a day for my marrying her.' He pressed my hand warmly and said, 'Well, I will give you my blessing into the bargain.' He was a good-hearted man at bottom, but too much ruled by his wife. He gave my wife a good large outfit and a purse of 10*l.*, and her stepmother even gave her 2*l.*, and her brothers and sisters bought her a family Bible, and one of them wrote in it, 'At the end of ten days their countenances did appear fairer and fatter of flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. — Daniel i. 15.'"

The old gentleman laughed very much when he told me this, and said that the vegetarianism of Daniel had been the text of many a sermon which he had preached to his children, who, profiting by so good an example, *were all vegetarians.*

But to resume. "I found myself married and very happy, but with ten shillings a week only. We laid out our money as follows: we paid three and sixpence for three rooms, one shilling for fuel and light, three and sixpence for food, and had two shillings for other contingencies. Our food consisted of bean stew three times a week; potato pie twice a week; puddings without eggs twice a week; carrots, turnips, or some green vegetable daily. Our breakfast was porridge, either of corn or oatmeal. We ate bread with it, thus insuring mastication, and rendering but-

ter, milk, tea, coffee, or cocoa unnecessary. We sometimes took tea in the evening, but oftener cold water. We formed the acquaintance of a fruit merchant, who, though laughing at our vegetarianism, often sent us baskets of fruit. I was married in December, and in the following November my wife had a son. In a few days the wife of the head of the firm paid us a visit, and the next day I was informed that my salary was to be raised to eighteen shillings a week. I was before this in great difficulty what to do, as I did not much like my wife being the sole nurse of her child. Before this she had attended to all our wants. I now took an Irish servant girl, who was willing to be a vegetarian and receive sixpence a week in wages for the first year.

"I was in possession at the end of my second year of married life of 10*l.* sterling. I will now tell you how I invested it. 'Our firm' was both speculative and manufacturing, and employed some hundred workmen, who purchased the tools they required at rather high prices in the town. Ascertaining that the tools might be had cheaper at Birmingham and Sheffield, I went myself and laid in a small stock, which I sold within a week to the workmen at eighteen per cent. profit, but still full ten per cent. under what they were in the habit of paying. Being offered a month's credit, I received a consignment of tools from Birmingham and Sheffield. At the end of a year I found myself in possession of 150*l.*, which I had made by the sale of these tools to our own hands. My wife kept my books, and this little business necessitated the hiring of another room. But in other respects this great increase of income did not induce us to enlarge our expenses.

"A foreman lost his hand through an accident, and was incapacitated for work; I made him my traveller, to call at other workshops and sell tools to workmen.

"The firms at Birmingham and Sheffield had confidence in me. I obtained credit more largely. I engaged a warehouse and a clerk. At the end of my fourth year of marriage I was in possession of 1,500*l.* by the sale of these tools. I now thought of a bold project, since I was a capitalist. I went to the head of our firm, and said, 'My wife is carrying on a business which seems likely to produce us 1,500*l.* a year clear profit; I have no wish to leave your service, but I shall certainly do so, unless my salary is raised to 250*l.* a year.' This sum being agreed on, I was contented for the present.

"We now kept two servants, and lived in two floors over our warehouse, and had two children.

"I had been married about six years, and had three children," continued the old vegetarian, "when my warehouse and all my furniture were totally destroyed by fire; fortunately the ywere insured for about 5,000*l*. As this was another crisis in my career, I went to 'the firm,' and said, 'I now know about as much of my business as I can learn, and have a large connection. I am offered credit if I will embark my capital—8,000*l*.—to open a business in opposition to yours. But I do not want to do this, if you will only give me a liberal salary. I want 450*l*. a year, and I will carry on my business in tools in my leisure hours as before.' My terms were accepted; I was assigned a separate office, and five clerks were at my command. Every letter to me was now addressed esquire; formerly I was only Mr., at least to the firm. I got my family arms engraved on a seal. I began to dress better. I kept three maid-servants and a page, and lived in a house out of the town—a roadside villa, with good vegetable garden—bringing my expenses within the 450*l*. a year; reserving the profits of my business for the increase of my capital.

"The heads of the firm—two brothers—paid a visit to Ireland, and coming back a terrific storm arose; they were washed off the deck of the steamer and drowned, leaving in the firm only the junior, the son of the elder brother, a young man of twenty years of age. As his capacity was moderate, and his habits not very regular, the trustees of the two deceased partners, of their own accord, proposed that I should receive 750*l*. per annum, take the entire charge of the business, and stay an hour longer than hitherto. But after six months, finding that I lost rather than gained by the arrangement, as it encroached on the time I had hitherto devoted to my private business, I plainly told the trustees that I must be taken into partnership, or I would abandon the concern and establish a rival business, which might very seriously damage theirs. They proposed that I should be partner for life, with 1,500*l*. a year as a first charge on the profits of the business, but should have no right to leave any part of it to my family, but should have two-thirds of the profits as surviving partner in case of the death of the present head of the firm without children. A deed was executed to embrace these provisions, and

I bound myself not to enter into any other business which would aim to rival that of the firm. On this I took a superior house, kept a horse and open carriage, two gardeners, and otherwise lived at the rate of about 1200*l*. a year. My wife now retired entirely from business, which she had seen after for about the half of three days in the week.

"About four years after this, to my sorrow, but at the same time pecuniary advantage, the young man, my senior partner, died, after a few days' illness, from pleurisy, brought on by bathing. His constitution was mainly built up on beer, beef, and tobacco. I, a vegetarian, was never ill after bathing. This young man was a martyr to the abuse of stimulants, whom his foolish doctor encouraged in their use. I have made my will, and none of my children shall inherit a penny if they are not at the time of my death vegetarians and total abstainers.

"We had been so absorbed in business since we were married, that we had not for ten years taken a seaside holiday; so in the summer of 1846 we determined on a yacht voyage to last two months, from May 1st to July 1st, round the coast of Ireland. We hired a yacht of fourteen tons, four men and a boy. My wife and three eldest children and self went on board at Liverpool, and we had a most enjoyable sail until we reached the north-west coast of Ireland. We landed and explored many rocky bays, and I collected many beautiful sea-birds' eggs, and shot many of the more uncommon of the sea-fowl, of which I have at present a trophy of stuffed birds, nine feet long, in my hall.

"Wishing to see the wildest part of the Irish coast, we sailed for the Arran Isles, and, landing there, spent some days in examining the curious stones for which these islands are famous. Some fishermen there spoke of an isolated rock in the sea, about a quarter of a mile long, very high, with a cavern in it, as the haunt of myriads of sea-fowl, some of species found nowhere else in the same abundance. With one of these fishermen as our pilot we reached the spot. There was a heavy swell round this island-rock, and we had great difficulty in landing. We determined to anchor the yacht about half a mile off, and proceed to the island in the boat with two of our men. Thinking we might like to spend the day there, we took with us two bags of rice, a basket of oranges, some loaves of bread, some peas and beans for soup, and utensils and wood for cooking. In order to afford a seat for the children, a

tin chest from the cabin, full of a variety of provisions, was put in the boat's stern, and we embarked, my wife expressing a regret that the provisions had not been emptied out lest they should make the boat too heavy. With great difficulty we managed to run the boat into a chasm about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long in the cliff, which was high and very precipitous. This chasm formed a miniature harbor, where the boat could lie without any danger of being swamped, in deep water close to the cliff, against which it was moored to a projecting rock, as to an artificial quay. It was a considerable scramble to get out of the boat and up the cliff; we just managed it, and landing our provisions, one of our men made a fire and acted as cook, while we wandered over the island, and explored the cave. It was, in fact, a sort of twin cavern, two branches having one entrance; that on the right-hand side was about a hundred and fifty feet deep, and was not tenanted, as it had no exit; that on the left hand was a tunnel of even greater length, and about forty feet high; it was the nesting-place of many sea-birds; cormorants, puffins, guillemots, razorbills, several species of sea-gulls, the arctic tern and gannet very abundant, and a few pairs of the shearwater; of some sort we took a good many eggs. We packed baskets with at least one hundred dozen. I did not shoot, as I did not like disturbing the birds, they were so tame, being but little accustomed to the visits of man. There were some goats on the island, which we conjectured had swum ashore from a shipwrecked vessel.

"This plateau, which was the highest part of the island, was reached by a path ascending about two hundred feet. It was a beautiful emerald meadow bounded by almost precipitous cliffs, which my eldest boy and I climbed up, but my wife declined the ascent. At about five we sat down to our dinner of pea soup, boiled cabbage, bread, haricot beans, batter pudding, and fruit.

"We were seated in the entrance of the cave, when suddenly a storm sprang up. The wind was so violent, that though we sadly wished it we did not deem it prudent to get into our boat, to rejoin the yacht. One of the sailors went on a high part of the island to observe, and soon informed us that the yacht had apparently dragged its anchor, and was fast disappearing.

"We were all in a sad dilemma. Leaving my dinner unfinished, I with my eldest son went up the cliff; the yacht was nowhere to be seen, and the wind was so

violent that we were hardly able to keep our feet on the cliff. I came down, and said we should be obliged to pass the night on the island. Accordingly, the sailors brought out of the boat all we had left in it, including some shawls, a large fur rug, and two sails and a quantity of tarpaulin, which we had intended to sit on had the ground been damp. Lighting a small lamp, I made a careful survey of the right-hand cavern; it was not straight, but turned at a sharp angle; the floor was dry, as were also the walls. I collected a heap of loose dry sand eight or ten feet long by as many feet wide, and in this I spread the tarpaulin, and over this some shawls. As it got dark, myself, wife, and three children lay down on this extemporized bed, covering ourselves with the large fur rug. The wind made a great noise. The sailors lay down a short distance from us, wrapped in the sails. The next morning between five and six we were all up, and I made an inventory of our provisions. We had about eight pounds of oatmeal, about the same quantity of haricot beans, about fourteen pounds of lentils, about twelve pounds of maize flour, three pounds of arrowroot, two pounds of potatoes, a cabbage, four loaves of bread, and about a dozen oranges. With economy, we had vegetarian provisions to last a fortnight, if we could get fresh water—as yet we had found none. In the cavern where the sea-birds were, there was a patch of green moss on the wall, nearly obscuring a deep crack, extending for some yards into the rock. On putting my ear to the crack I distinctly heard water dropping. I tied a towel to a walking-stick and poked it into the crack, and pulled out the towel dripping. By dint of probing the rock, I increased the supply, and at last was enabled to get an oar into the crack, which being placed obliquely, acted as a lead to the water, which now trickled down sufficiently fast to fill a tin can of a gallon capacity in about a quarter of an hour. I considered this providential. We were on this island ten days, and slept in the same manner. During the day we kept a sail on an oar attached to the boat's mast, on the highest part of the island, as a signal of distress. We saw several vessels, but they did not come near the island. At last a smack lay to, and sent a boat to the island, and in about an hour we were on board the smack. On the island we adhered strictly to our vegetarian diet, substituting sea-fowls' eggs for hens' eggs.*

* Vegetarians usually admit a diet including milk, cheese, butter, and eggs.

"The sailors killed and roasted two kids.

"The smack put us on shore at Dingle Bay, and after a month's travel in Ireland we returned home, and heard that our sailors, taking advantage of our absence, had drunk too much of the store of rum they had provided at their own expense for the voyage, and that the vessel, becoming unmanageable, had capsized, the two men and pilot being drowned, the boy alone escaping, and, clinging to the keel of the yacht, he was picked up a few hours after. The yacht was righted by some fishermen, and eventually brought to the Isle of Man, where she was claimed by her owners, who had to pay a salvage of 70*l*. As this incident had occurred during my hiring of her, I recouped them of part, and received back my baggage, not so very much injured as I expected. At the bottom of our box of provisions were some seeds from our garden, which we were carrying to distribute amongst the poor Irish at the places where we landed; so, thinking that some future shipwrecked wanderers might be benefited thereby, I cleared a patch of ground and planted carrot, parsnip, and cabbage seed, before I left the little island; hoping, but not expecting, the goats would leave the tender vegetables unmolested.

"I had been married about sixteen years, when I resolved to print a pamphlet on the subject of vegetarianism, giving my experiences and those of my wife and family. I gave away two thousand copies, and with some result, for they were the means of adding over forty to the vegetarian flock. In this pamphlet I propounded a scheme for the renovation of my neighborhood on vegetarian principles. At this time I employed about eight servants, male and female, in the house and garden. I gave the men 14*s*. a week to find themselves, and they were allowed a certain proportion of such common vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and onions free. Being married men, they had each a distinct cottage, large and comfortable, with an ornamental flower-garden in front and a fruit-garden at the back. They were built in the Gothic style, after my own design. Each of them kept bees and fowls for their own profit. Their style of living was the envy of all their neighbors. I allowed none of them to take lodgers, and insisted on cleanliness; no rooms were papered, but all were whitewashed annually. During the many years that have elapsed since the first cottage was built according to

this plan, I have added to them, until the number has reached fourteen. They are mostly inhabited by Scotchmen. They are all temperance men, anti-tobacco, and mostly vegetarians. I do not give a man a cottage to himself until he is married to a clean, orderly, industrious woman. My laborers' children turn out well.

"One cottage is inhabited by my second gardener and his wife, without children. She teaches the boys and girls of the other cottages, and has done so for twenty years. I pay her 30*l*. a year. She was a trained schoolmistress before she was married. My head gardener is a religious man, and holds divine service in one of my barns, for about a hundred persons connected with the estate. It is like a mothers' meeting, children of all ages being present. I am not sorry for this, for the parson of the neighborhood is a great man for beef and beer, and his influence I dread on my little Arcadia. My head gardener now and then gives a lecture on vegetarianism in school-rooms, and we two have drawn up a table suggestive of expenditure for rich and poor. Out of his wages he keeps his father and mother and two maiden aunts comfortably, at an expenditure of about 7*s*. per week. He is an Aberdeenshire man, and about forty years of age. I hope his eldest son will become an eminent man; and I am paying for his education at one of the universities, on account of his extraordinary ability and fine natural disposition; and also on account of the respect which I feel for his father, who has helped me to carry out my principles on my estate. This man's parents and aunts live in Aberdeenshire, and have never been on the parish. The laird gives them three rooms over an out-house at 6*l*. a week. They spend 2*s*. a week on oatmeal, and 1*s*. a week on milk. They grow vegetables enough to make a stew for dinner; 1*s*. worth of flour gives them a meal of bread in the evening. They eat their bread without butter, but with their vegetable soup made either of peas or beans; 3*d*. buys what condiments or groceries they require. They are always clean and tidy, and gather what fuel they need from the peat on the moor. The blind aunts are very strong, whereas the father is very feeble. They work the garden and collect the wood, he going with them to lead them on their way. My gardener has drawn up a table showing how an adult man may supply himself with wholesome food, lodging, and clothing, at 7*s*. 6*d*. per week on vegetarian

principles. He can get a room unfurnished for 1s. a week; he can get attendance to a certain extent for 1s. a week extra; his bread-bill need not be more than 1s. 6d. per week; 1s. 6d. for green vegetables including potatoes; 6d. for butter or oil; 6d. for cocoa, and 6d. for groceries; 6d. for clothing, 6d. for washing. So the money is spent.

"Some of my gardeners' sons trained on the estate spend no more when they go away from it. In one of them, named Dickenson, I have always taken a great interest, as he was the first born on the estate, and for a humble working-man he has had a glorious career. At sixteen I gave him 16s. a week for attending to my stove plants. At fourteen he had 10s. a week. When he was eighteen a nobleman's steward saw him, and offered him 30s. a week to superintend a great stove house. As I could not give such wages I let him go, but with great reluctance. He wrote to his father that although he got 30s. a week and many perquisites, yet he limited his expenditure to 8s. a week until they offered to feed him and house him, when he cut down his expenditure to 3s. a week. He could have had the best of meat, but he still preferred the vegetarian diet, and he induced two of the other servants, who were much troubled with indigestion, to become vegetarians. This vegetarian movement in the servants' hall attracted the notice of the nobleman, who was much pleased to hear of it. By the greater use of vegetables than had been done formerly, especially by the introduction of potato pie, haricot-bean stew, and macaroni as every-day dishes in the servants' hall, a saving of 500*l.* per annum was effected in the commissariat of the vast establishment; therefore the nobleman was well satisfied, and presented my young Dickenson with a gold watch and chain, value 36*l.*, with an inscription, acknowledging his economy and fidelity. Dickenson's head was not turned by all this, although his wages were soon after raised to 3*l.* per week and all food found. When the nobleman died his successor presented Dickenson with 250*l.*, accompanied by a flattering letter, and retained him in his service at a salary of 200*l.* a year, Dickenson still living as he did before. After eighteen years' service he was pensioned off with 100*l.* per annum, and now has a nursery of his own, and is reputed to be worth between 7,000*l.* and 8,000*l.*, although he is not more than forty years of age. He has married lately a most frugal but accomplished governess,

who has saved 2,000*l.* She was not a vegetarian when he married her, but is so now. I am as proud of Dickenson as if he was my own son. His sister is a most exemplary vegetarian governess; she has induced no less than eight families, with whom she has lived, to become vegetarians, and from her economy in her dress she has saved in the course of twenty years of governing 400*l.* On her showing me her bank-book I added 100*l.* to it, and said if she saved 1,000*l.* during my lifetime I would add 500*l.* to it. She is trying hard, and her brother has given her 110*l.* towards it.

"My eldest unmarried daughter keeps my domestic accounts most beautifully, and audits those of any of the people I employ, with the object of impressing on them the advantages of economy. I have intimated to my children that in proportion as they save they shall inherit. This may be an excess of paternal government in the estimation of many, but it has had a most beneficial effect. My family are so methodical and self-denying that they are said to realize some people's idea of Quakers; but I have had little intercourse with that sect. The success of my own offspring, and the prosperity of my household and establishment, as you remarked to me, seem to be due to an exceptional combination of qualities and circumstances—in my wife and myself in the first instance, and, secondly, in those I employ, who are somewhat like myself. This is true, I will admit, but it does not militate against the great principle as laid down in the Bible, that 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich,' that 'industry has its sure reward,' and that those who honor their parents shall receive blessing. I have done more for my parents than all my brothers and sisters united, and I have received more blessing than all my brothers and sisters united. Pardon my egotism.

"I will give you a few facts of vegetarians in our county. A squire and magistrate, with 2,000*l.* a year, used to spend 1,500*l.* as a flesh-eater; he now spends 1,150*l.*, and is more comfortable, as a vegetarian. A barrister, whose doctor assured him that he should take three meals of meat and a bottle of wine daily for his health's sake, now finds that by a vegetarian and temperance diet his expenses are reduced more than one half, his health is better, and there is a corresponding increase of vigor and power of sustaining labor, such as he never before knew. A struggling clergyman, whom custom in-

duced, he called it "compelled," to take three meals of meat daily, was under this system always in debt, and obliged to send the churchwardens round every Christmas to ask for means to pay his way: now on the vegetarian diet he balances his income and expenditure, and is able to carry forward a few pounds every quarter. I believe, from more than forty years' experience of the vegetarian diet, that were it generally adopted nine-tenths of the pauperism and crime would disappear, that England would be able to supply herself with all the home-grown corn she requires, and that the national debt, if deemed desirable, could be paid off in thirty years.

"I corresponded regularly with my parents, and they, hearing I was getting into comfortable circumstances, would frequently write me complaints of poverty. To these I responded by remittances of money, and at this time wrote to my father saying I would allow him 25*l.* a year and my mother a similar amount. I visited my father about once in two years, but always took a lodging and took my meals apart from him, for he was an inveterate smoker and a great beer-drinker, and filled his snuff-box three times weekly. I once made a random calculation, that he had wasted 1,500*l.* on stimulants in his life. These reflections prevented me from being more liberal to him. If I had given him 100*l.* a year, I only know he would have spent more on cigars. He would have bought wine at 6*s.* a bottle, and, perhaps, have increased his consumption of snuff. On getting a legacy of 75*l.* once, 40*l.* of it went to pay his publican's bill. One day my father wrote asking me to accommodate my youngest brother and two sisters a few weeks that they might see the sights of the town and get change of air. I wrote to my father that my wife and I would be very glad to see them, but they must not expect us to make any change in our vegetarian and temperance diet, but at the same time intimating that our style of living was very comfortable. There was an amount of formality between me and my father; he would sometimes call me, in derision, the Joseph of the family, because I went away from the rest and got rich, and I held his ill-success in life to be owing to his improvidence and self-indulgence, and feared he might want me to keep the whole family in idleness; accordingly I was not very much pleased at his proposal to send my sisters and younger brother to me. However, I assented, and they came. My elder sister, Mary Ann, was one of those sulky, vain, indo-

lent natures, which neither my wife nor I can sympathize with at all. Public opinion was her god, and Mrs. Grundy her godmother. One day she said to my wife, 'I wonder you can endure to live as you do with your means; it strikes me as being very poor and miserable. Most people of your means have three meals of meat a day. Do you never feel tired of the vegetables?' My wife said no, and that she did not think she could preserve the same health and strength on a meat diet. My wife rose at six and went to bed at half past ten, whereas Mary Ann and her sister could not get down to breakfast till ten at home; but when they were with us we took care to have the breakfast cleared away at eight, so that if they came down at ten they had to wait till lunch before they got anything to eat. This strict commissariat roused Mary Ann two hours sooner than usual.

"Mary Ann was fantastic in her dress, and talked a great deal of nonsense to the servants, endeavoring to make them discontented with the vegetarian diet, and one of them gave notice to leave in consequence; so I thought it was time to settle with my sisters, and I placed them in a lodging and gave them 2*l.* a week to feed themselves as they chose, but they were welcome to come to our meals when they liked. To my surprise, although professing abhorrence of a vegetarian diet, they all came to take dinner and tea with us. My sisters were without watches or jewellery of any kind, and begged me to supply them. This I did, at a cost of about 40*l.* My other sisters living at home, as well as those married and away, hearing of these gifts, wrote to me and demanded similar presents almost as a matter of right. I complied, although it cost me 120*l.* more. I began to be weary of my family connections; they were no comfort to me, and my elder daughters began to be impertinent in consequence of the example of their aunts. My wife and I, when they left, resolved to drop all intercourse with them, lest the evil association might impair the discipline of our house.

"After staying six months, instead of a few weeks, my sisters and little brother left, saying they would probably come again about the same time next year. True to their promise they appeared the next year, and asked me to take a lodging for them as before. As they had come without any invitation, I thought that I would now for the first time read them a moral lecture, which, for the sake of the other members of the family, I put in the

form of a letter, which was a good deal to the following effect. I have a copy of it in my letter-book at home. It began:—

Dear Mary Ann, and my Sisters and Brothers,—After some prayer, I consider it my solemn duty to write to you, and warn you of your dangerous position. There is not one of you that fears God: you all are steeped in self-indulgence of one kind or another. I won't mention names, but I put it to your consciences whether any of you has ever denied him or her self to do any good action, whether or not you have not lived lives purely selfish. You wrangled and quarrelled like vultures at your meals, each demanding the largest share. You girls esteemed it degrading to make your own clothes when your milliner's rags were worn out, and adopted a style of dress which to my mind seemed a burlesque. You were at good schools, but you were too indolent to make good use of them; and your brothers have spent a small fortune on stimulants. Your marriages have all been contemptible. Finally, let me say, I have no respect for any of you, but, as I fear God, I will not see you want. Those of you, married and single, who will become vegetarians and renounce stimulants, I will endeavor to assist in life, provided you bring up your children as vegetarians. But I shall renounce all connection with those relatives who do not in six months become vegetarians. I feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.

"I had this letter printed, and sent a copy to all my brothers and sisters; most of them replied, and said they would consider the proposal. Of my numerous brothers and sisters, none were at this time in prosperous circumstances, and yet they had all had a much better chance than I; more money had been spent on their education, and all of them had some legacies left them by an uncle, who left me nothing, as I was supposed to be separated from the rest.

"After spending about 15,000*l.* on endeavoring to benefit my brothers and sisters and their children, I have determined to spend no more money on them, as they are incorrigibly self-indulgent, reckless, and vainglorious, but keep all my money for my own offspring and those whom I can morally respect. Do you not think I am right, Mr. Napier?

"I will now tell you the state of my family. They are all healthy and well-formed, luxuriant in hair, sound in teeth, and much better proportioned in feature and figure than usual. I confess, sir, that I take no small pleasure in my family. Even my married children do nothing of importance without consulting me. I share my income liberally with them, but

they with commendable prudence live plainly and economically, and save much; some are better at it than others, but I cannot complain of any of them; they are liberal too. My grown-up sons spend a tenth of their incomes on moral and religious purposes. I do not devote much time to business now—not much more than three hours daily; literary, scientific, and other intellectual pursuits fill up the rest of my time."

The vegetarian's wife described their mansion in the country as containing thirty rooms, among which is a fine picture-gallery ninety feet long; about twenty conservatories and thirty gardeners are attached to the house. By the sale of early fruits and vegetables, and the rearing of certain orchids, the great expense of this wholesale gardening is reduced to about 1,000*l.* a year, which her husband does not wish this hobby to exceed. He grows grapes throughout the greater part of the year, and pineapples also, so that the desert fruit on his table is scarcely to be surpassed. His entire living expenses do not exceed 3,000*l.* a year, although his income is something like six times that amount. Sometimes he will spend 3,000*l.* a year in relieving distress, as he did at the time of the cotton famine. His wife said he is so shy and reserved with people in general that he avoids society; but rich people are sought after, and he sometimes receives a thousand begging letters in the year. He thought his life ought to be written, and added as an appendix to Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help;" and so I have sent this sketch of it for publication.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MODERN WARFARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your article on modern warfare contains statements of so great importance to public interests that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics given in the second column of page 695, on which "P. S. C." rests his "incontestable" conclusion, that "battles are less sanguinary than they were," are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of

combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not "less sanguinary" than a street quarrel between three toppers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot; though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons, such as they could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike. While, nowadays, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled or compelled to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, "Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact, are—whole nations in arms." I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means "the whole nation" on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket. It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six undernamed battles of by-

gone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz	1-7
Jena	1-6
Waterloo	1-5
Marengo	1-4
Salamanca	1-3
Eylau	2-5

while in the undernamed five recent battles, the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz	1-15
Gravelotte	1-12
Solferino	1-11
Worth	1-11
Sedan	1-10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win. But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon. Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported) depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern machines for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles, only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent, and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight, as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objections to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons

which rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic was "less sanguinary" than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Danes after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russian of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more, we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. "England will expect" of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight; and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while, in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honorable tactics of poorly armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in "P. S. C.'s" letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack of Magdeburg, and that of the march into Paris, recognize a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sus-

tained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labor from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring; instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our—according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation of cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances; and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honor of a senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S. — I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcole and Solferino.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A LADY'S VISIT TO THE HERZEGOVINIAN
INSURGENTS.

RAGUSA.

It is difficult to imagine, when walking down the Corso of Ragusa, that one is on the Dalmatian coast, and in an Austrian town. The old loggia, the market-place,

the fountain, all recall various Italian cities one has seen.

Its position on the Adriatic, surrounded by olive-clad hills, suggests Amalfi; its terraces of red-roofed houses are like Pistoja; while the architectural features of the principal buildings betray the influence of Venice. But, like her sisters across the Adriatic, Ragusa is only the shadow of her former self. Looking at her deserted palaces and grass-grown streets, one can hardly persuade oneself that her merchantmen once carried "argosies" to the farthest parts of the civilized world, and that her citizens were (next to the Venetians) the most arrogant race in Europe.

The hereditary aristocracy still retain exaggerated ideas of their rank; but their means are extremely small, and by intermarrying among themselves they have degenerated mentally and physically.

Ragusa, in the days of her prosperity, thoroughly understood the advantages to be reaped by maintaining communication with the inland provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia, and thereby developed her commerce, and infused new Slav blood into her population. Now, however, Austria possesses only the narrow seaboard, and does not attempt any intercourse with the interior, so that Dalmatia is, as the Slavs themselves say, "like a face without a head." Bravely did Ragusa withstand the incursions of Venetian, Turk, and Slav; asserting her independence until nature itself conspired against her, and by the great earthquake of 1667 absolutely destroyed her pre-eminence and power. It is curious to note that, in spite of this catastrophe, the inhabitants should have rebuilt their houses on the very site of the disaster, instead of moving a mile away to the shores of the Bay of Gravosa, which is now the principal port.

The duomo, custom-house, and palazzo, are the only remains of the old city; and truly one can say that Ragusa has gone to sleep. Her lethargy is disturbed just now, however, by the fighting which is carried on so close to her, and by the extra call made on her resources by the refugees and wounded combatants, who seek shelter across the frontier. The Austrian government has given them the *lazzaretto* to herd in, and nothing could be imagined sadder than the spectacle the place presents. Creatures scarcely human in aspect crawl about on the barren, rocky ground in front of the long, low building. They are half-clothed, and scarcely bear

the semblance of humanity; wretched-looking women, crouching down, mending the only rags they have to cover them, whilst little naked children appeal vainly to them for food. Old men, dazed and stunned by misery, look on listlessly, as if indifferent to what fate holds in store for them. Six thousand Herzegovinian refugees are here now. The government has done its best to help them, but the emergency is greater than its powers. An allowance of ten farthings a day has been made per head, but in consequence of the strain put upon the resources of the town, the price of all the necessities of life has doubled; and how, under such circumstances, can ten farthings suffice to keep body and soul together?

Not only are there the refugees to think of, but whenever an engagement occurs between Ragusa and Trebinje, and the wounded have to be brought here (it may be in considerable numbers), they must be accommodated and nursed somehow. In sooth, Ragusa has enough to occupy her, and to stir her to the very heart. One of the best apartments has been taken and fitted up as a temporary hospital, and one would have thought it a haven of refuge for these poor creatures after their privations on the hills. But as well ask a caged eagle to be happy, as one of these wild Herzegovinians to submit to the tedium and restraint of a sick-room. As soon as it is possible for them to move, they invariably beg kind Baroness Lichtenberg to allow them to go back to their homes at Cattaro or elsewhere; they will listen to no persuasion, and many must perish on the road. Next to this are some of the dens where the sick among the poorer classes are housed. These consist of one dark, dank room without a window, where, on the stone floor, we saw huddled up in their brown blankets the forms of the wretched invalids. We then scrambled up, through groups of women and girls, who came to gaze on us as a sort of curiosity, to the main building. What we saw there would tax a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. I should think there were about a hundred and fifty people, living, eating, sleeping, and dying, side by side. The atmosphere was so thick and close that we had to stand for several minutes before we could either see or breathe, and then by degrees weird and ghastly figures became visible; the most conspicuous being the women, who rushed towards us, gesticulating, and pointing to holes in the

roof that let in the rain, and at the hard floor they had to lie on, without any bedding or covering.

Harrowing were the sights of suffering that greeted us on every side. Here lay a poor old man of eighty, stone blind, with hardly a stitch to cover him, moaning piteously; whilst close to him, in a wooden cradle lent by some sympathizing mother in the district, lay newly-arrived twins, launched into this world of sorrow and struggle, but as yet conscious only of the pangs of hunger; whilst over them hung their mother, who told us piteously that ten farthings a day were all she could muster for herself and the two helpless beings with whom nature had seen fit to bless her. We thought of the lines of Shakespeare:—

A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
My dear. No fire! No light!
The unfriendly elements
Forget thee utterly.

Heart-sick and weary, we struggled through them into the blessed sunshine.

The feast of St. Blasrus (the patron saint of the town) is a great day at Ragusa, and the spring sun lit up a brilliant scene; all the windows were hung with tapestry and the doors dressed with banners. The streets were crowded with holiday-makers, early as it was, and all were bound in the same direction to the gates of the town, where the *communi* of the different villages around salute before entering. It was indeed a picturesque sight that greeted us, as soon as we had passed the drawbridge. We were not a moment too soon, for the procession of villagers was winding down the hill in the distance, each municipality carrying the banner of the district. The Austrian band led the way, and as soon as the gate was reached, the standard-bearer of each village knelt down on one knee, and twisting his pennon round his head, he saluted the town, amidst the firing of blunderbusses and the rolling of drums.

The peasants' dresses were one mass of gold embroidery from cap to gaiters. Many of them had, I daresay, descended from father to son for hundreds of years. They cannot be purchased nowadays for less than eighty or ninety guineas, and it is therefore not wonderful if they represent all the savings made by their owners.

After they had shaken hands with the mayor of the town, they proceeded down the principal street to the square, opposite the cathedral, where they again saluted, and then depositing their banners in the

church of St. Blasrus, they trooped out to have a regular day's enjoyment.

There was to be seen the most singular and striking mixture of costumes—Brenesi, Canalesi, and Ragusan—some of the women wearing the becoming white caps of the country; whilst others had simply the home-embroidered muslin handkerchiefs common to all the female population of the Dalmatian and Albanian coast. The girls had tight-fitting serge bodices, and their hair was plaited and decorated with gold coins. To see them laughing and talking together, made it difficult to believe that danger, sadness, and privation were so near at hand.

Even the poor refugees seemed determined to cast their troubles away from them for to-day; and although one saw a tear let fall, and a bitter sob escape now and then, as some poor mother hears the news of a son wounded, or a wife of her husband being called to join the fighting, joy on the whole wins the day.

Here and there were men with earnest, careworn faces, whose dress and appearance showed they had come from the scene of war. They generally stood in groups, discussing the last news. It was curious to see these same rough warriors kneeling down with the greatest fervor to kiss the relics of St. Blasrus, which, enshrined in silver cases, were carried round the town. We were told that these consist of two left arms. The anatomical knowledge of these poor creatures, however, is not great, and they did not appear to question for an instant the genuineness of what was offered to their adoration. After this operation had been gone through, there was a lull in the proceedings, as the inner man must be refreshed in order to be able to go through the business of the day.

After luncheon came the *tombola*.

The Austrian government have given three prizes, and these childlike people have entirely forgotten everything relating to St. Blasrus in their excitement about the lottery. The square was a mass of anxious eager faces, and instead of murmured prayers and benedictions, nothing was audible but groans, hisses, and shrieks.

At last the winners of the principal prize (20*l.*) were declared (for it was a "tie" between the letter-carrier of the camp of Peko, the insurgent chief, and an Austrian soldier). As they stood together, they might be taken as types of the two powers that are striving for empire in the land—one, free, easy in all his

movements, a thoroughly uncivilized Slav; the other, mechanical, with everything that drill can do for him. After the lottery was over, the peasants again went to fetch their flags, and, proceeding down the main street, repeated the salutation of the morning with even more vigor and impetuosity, owing greatly, we imagined, to a certain amount of stimulant imbibed during the day. The festivities were not over yet, however. There was to be a grand national dance in the theatre, where we had taken a box.

As we arrived at eight o'clock, it was just beginning. Upon the stage sat two musicians, each armed with a one-stringed violin, from which they managed to extract a most wonderful amount of sound, aided enormously by their feet; sometimes indeed, when their hands, utterly wearied, refused to play any longer, they kept the dancers going by stamping energetically. They certainly were the most untiring votaries of Terpsichore I have ever seen. Round and round they went, like dervishes, clapping their hands and shouting, sometimes seizing one another round the waist, at others round the neck. It made one perfectly dizzy to look at them, and an hour of the heat and noise was enough. As we came out, we saw the poor refugees clustered round the doorway, for they could not afford the entrance to the theatre on ten soldi a day, and so had to be content with looking on from the outside.

There is a great deal of the old-fashioned ways and manners of their Italian ancestors surviving amongst the Ragusans. It is still the habit for all the politicians and principal men to meet, either at the banker's, barber's, or chemist's, to discuss the political news of the day. It was at first strange to hear a magistrate, or dignitary of the law, talk upon the most solemn subjects while undergoing the operation of shaving; but we soon conquered this feeling, and made a point of turning into the worthy barber's every morning to hear the last news from the seat of war.

From there we usually went to the banker's on the market-place, where, very often, we met some of the insurgent chiefs, who came in to buy food and get money. Sometimes all business was forgotten in the excitement of listening to an account of the battle just fought. It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of the situation, and very often the necessity of such sublunary matters as getting change for our circular notes was ignored whilst we sat listening to the excited babel of tongues.

There are many pretty expeditions to be seen in the neighborhood of Ragusa. The first in interest is to the island of La Croma, formerly the home of the ill-fated emperor Maximilian and his wife, which lies about half a mile from the entrance to the harbor. Originally it belonged to a monastery founded by our king, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, being overtaken by storms in the Adriatic on his way home from the Holy Land, took refuge in the island of La Croma, and built this monastery and likewise the cathedral in the town. The monks were gradually scattered, and the place eventually bought by Maximilian, who, by utilizing the old cloister, and building a new wing, succeeded in making a most comfortable country-house. It was very sad to wander through the rooms once tenanted by him and the empress Charlotte.

The whole island and house have just been purchased by a gentleman from Trieste for the small sum of 4,000/. He has left everything exactly as it was when Maximilian occupied it. There was the blotting-book on the table in the study, with the ink dry in the bottle; whilst above, on the wall, hung a large map of Mexico. Often, I daresay, did he study it, little dreaming of the sad fate that awaited him and his wife amongst the treacherous inhabitants of that western land. The grounds are very prettily laid out, and one can hardly understand his preferring the uncertainties of an imperial crown to the peace and quiet of this lovely spot.

Another object well repaying a visit are the mills at Ombla. Our road towards Gravosa (the bay that forms the entrance to the Ombla) lay through a country bright with almond and orange trees in full blossom. One crop, of which we saw many fields, excited our particular curiosity. It consisted of a yellow flower, creeping thickly and closely over the ground; and we were told that this constituted the principal article of commerce of Ragusa, and was the far-famed "Persian insect-destroying powder" (the botanical name we were never able to ascertain), which we in England imagine comes from the East, but which in reality is principally grown on the shores of Dalmatia. It can be purchased at wholesale prices, and requires to be used in wholesale quantities if you travel in the interior. A boat was waiting at the entrance of the river, and we were soon enjoying the indolent pleasure of being rowed along through the loveliest scenery. The green and fertile

banks sloped down to the water's edge, whilst behind frowned the stony hills of Herzegovina at each new turn of the river; disclosing a pretty glen, with its fishing-village, surmounted either by a convent or a palace. The country about here used to be a favorite summer resort of the rich Ragusan nobles, as the many deserted villas that line the river's bank amply prove; one in particular we noticed whose marble stairs were overgrown with moss, and its loggia covered with frescoes, entirely uninhabited; it made one painfully realize the difference between the former prosperity of the town and its present sunk condition.

What a place the banks of the Ombla would be for an artist! Every house almost has its Byzantine window or carved doorway, making delicious little bits of picturesque background. As we rowed along, one of our party, whilst looking up at the dark blue sky overhead, described a number of vultures wheeling and turning about. We could not understand it at first, until our boatman said, "Oh yes, they are waiting to see what prey they can pick up on the site of the battle-field of the day before yesterday." This rudely recalled us to the tragic events that were being enacted in our neighborhood, but which the beauty and tranquillity of the scene had made us forget for a time. After two hours' row, we found ourselves at the old mills, the bourne of our journey. The Ombla, like all the other rivers on this coast, gushes clear and bright out of the foot of the hill, with the same impetuosity and volume that it displays during the remainder of its course. The mills are built over its source, where it first breaks over the rocks, and a picturesque and fern-grown place it is, not rendered less so by its groups of Herzegovinian inhabitants. For here we are just over the border and in the insurgent country. All around, the heights are covered with goats and herds of sheep, tended by poor refugee women, who have driven them hither to save them from the rapacity of the Turk.

On our way home we were met by the Russian consul-general, Mr. Jonine, who is said to be the wire-puller of all the diplomatic intrigues carried on by the cabinet of St. Petersburg in these provinces. His position can certainly be no sinecure just now, as his wearied and overworked looks prove. His employers are said to have the highest opinion of his capabilities. Canosa is also well worth seeing, and the eight-mile drive to it lies through some of the finest scenery on the Dalmatian littoral;

the road winding along the face of the cliff that overhangs the Adriatic, which at this point is studded with islands. The principal sight at the village itself consists of two plane-trees, said to be the largest in the world, and not less than three hundred years old.

It was *festa* day when we were there, and the girls in their white aprons and bright-colored dresses formed a charming picture. The priest of the village is a well-known poet, and many is the warlike ode with which he has stirred up the hearts of his countrymen. He was playing bowls as we came up, his priestly cloak over his arm, but as much excited as any of his parishioners. When the game was over, he came and sat down, and held forth before us all. He by no means professed to carry out the Christian doctrine of peace and forgiveness, and wherever the Turks were concerned, was uncompromising in his hatred. "Fancy," he said, "the archbishop having told one of my brother priests that it was not his duty to face the Turk, but that he ought to retire, and leave fighting to soldiers! He came and asked me about it, and I very soon sent him back to defend his country and his faith." We thought, as we listened to him, surrounded by his flock, of the description in "Hermann and Dorothea" of the "*edle verständiger Pfarrerherr*," who knew life and the needs of his audience.

CATTARO AND MONTENEGRO.

Cattaro lies at the foot of the mountain of Montenegro. It is situated at the end of the narrow estuary called the Bocche di Cattaro. These Bocche are fifteen miles long, and about half a mile broad, and look more like a great river winding between mountains to the sea than an arm of the Adriatic. The scenery is striking in the extreme, reminding one often, in its sternness and ruggedness, of a Scotch loch. The hills rise, black and threatening, on either side, clothed half-way up with oak and pine woods, while the summit is generally bare and stony. It is proverbially the worst place on this treacherous coast for sudden storms, and the *bora* comes swooping down through the clefts of the hills with extraordinary force. One moment may be clear and bright as an August day, and the next black as night: your pilot will point you out a little fleecy cloud lying on the hill-side, and will say, "That means a *bora*," and before you have time to shorten sail a

tempest is blowing, accompanied by sheets of rain.

We were delayed here five days by heavy rains, which turned the Scala into a running river, and made it impossible to think of starting on our way to Cetigne.

On Thursday, the 10th of February, the wind changed, and although bitterly cold, brought a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere. Our little horses were ordered, therefore, and awaited us on the quay at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. We trotted across the old bridge, through the market-place, and began the toilsome ascent. The path went zigzag up the mountain-side; sometimes it seemed almost sheer over a precipice, making one dizzy as one looked down at the town of Cattaro far beneath.

Clear and piercing did the sound of the church-bells come up through the frosty air, and the voices of the mountaineers talking to one another far above were as audible as though they had been close to us. They were trooping down to sell their potatoes, eggs, and milk, to the people of the Bocche, and to carry back in exchange stuffs and other simple luxuries the town affords.

The sight of poor women staggering along under heavy burdens, whilst the men walked beside them perfectly unencumbered, struck us painfully; but we accepted it, after a time, with the same resignation as the women themselves, and learned to look on the Montenegrin warrior as a fancy article, that ought not to be expected to do anything save fight in time of war, and saunter about in his splendor in time of peace.

The girls have a certain amount of beauty, but it soon fades, for they are married at thirteen or fourteen, and then enter upon a life of wretched drudgery. The wife of the prince and of the president of the senate are the only women who can read and write, and they, even, have to wait at table and do all the household cooking. It is needless to say, therefore, that their education is not advanced enough to have induced them to fight for women's rights.

At about nine o'clock we got on a level with the old Venetian fortress, that protects the wall on the side of Montenegro. At its foot lies a little cluster of houses, for the most part in ruins, showing the lawlessness of their neighbors on the heights; for in times past, when wheat was scarce in Montenegro, its inhabitants made a raid on the adjoining country

— Turk or Christian — to supply the deficiency; and many are the traces, both on this side and round about Ragusa, of their depredations.

As we got higher, the number of people coming down the mountain increased. The women all dressed in the long white Dalmatian jacket; whilst the men wore the round scarlet Montenegrin hat, with the initials of the prince, N. I. (Nicholas I.), embroidered in gold on the crown, and a black silk band round the edge, put on as mourning for the occupation of Servia by the Turks.

In their belts gleamed daggers and silver-mounted pistols, whilst all had on the *spanche*, or sandals made of ox-hide, which we, in our stiff-soled civilized boots, could not help envying when we saw the ease with which they enabled their wearers to climb. The agility displayed by them was astonishing. They quite disdained the winding path we followed, and went straight down the side of the mountain, those at the summit holding long conversation with their friends far below.

After about two hours' ascent, we found ourselves in a region of snow—a white carpet two feet in thickness, that lay over everything. The country began to grow more and more wild, reminding one of Gustave Doré's pictures of Dante's *Inferno*. Not a habitation of any kind was visible until we came to the village of Niègush, our first halting-place. We drew up opposite the inn, a hovel thatched with straw, from which the icicles hung thick. Luckily we had brought provisions with us, for the place produced nothing but black bread, *starkie* (a strong sort of spirit), and coffee. We were surrounded as we ate by a number of insurgent women and children, who, although they did not beg, looked so longingly at our food, that we had to ask them to share it with us. Poor creatures! they had not yet learnt to hold out their hands for alms.

Gazing at the silver buckles and necklaces these Herzegovinian women wore, we wanted to purchase some of them; but it is curious how loth they are to part with their finery. They will go about in rags, and yet keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Our old hostess, seeing I had a fancy for these gewgaws, beckoned me to follow her; and, taking me up a ladder into a garret, the dirt and dilapidation of which it would be hazardous to describe, she unlocked a wooden box, in which was stored finery that might have made many a duchess envious. She had one belt, for which,

she said, she had given 20*l*. It was of massive silver, with ever so many chains and ornaments hanging to it. Besides this, she had at least forty or fifty shirts, embroidered in colored silks, for *festa* days. I particularly wanted one of these, and offered her a handsome price, but she would not sell. "No," she said, "I am keeping them all for my daughter, when she marries," pointing to the pretty little girl who held the lamp for us to examine the family splendors; "and *she* can read," she added, "so she ought to make a good match."

Niëgush boasts of one building, a kind of khan, which is said to be superior to anything at Cetigne. We could not see much in it in the way of architectural merit, as it is a plain stone house, looking uncommonly like a stable. When we had seen all the public edifices of Cetigne, however, we knew why the inhabitants thought so much of it.

After our frugal meal was eaten, and the horses rested, we again mounted and continued our journey. It now lay over a most fatiguing road, ascending and descending a series of small hills, three or four feet deep in snow, until at last, on our reaching the top of the highest of them, a wonderful panorama burst upon the view. The lake of Scutari lay in the far distance, dark and mysterious, under the Albanian hills; whilst nearer we could descry the beginning of the plain of Cetigne, and even the smoke of the town.

In an hour we entered the principal street. The capital of Montenegro reminds one more of a large village in the Scotch Highlands than anything else. There is one main thoroughfare, intersected by a smaller one, each bordered by rows of, for the most part, straw-thatched cottages, none of which boast a chimney; nor is it till quite lately that it has occurred to a few of the more "advanced thinkers" to insert funnels into the windows in order to admit of the exit of smoke in that primitive fashion.

As we passed down the street, picturesque groups assembled at the doorways, for the arrival of a stranger is not an every-day occurrence in Montenegro. It was curious to see issuing from tenements, which in England would be designated hovels, warriors, gorgeous in green and gold, wearing senatorial badges on their hats. They did not exhibit any obtrusive curiosity, but offered, a respectful salute.

Presently an individual, evidently high in office, introduced himself as aide-de-camp of the prince. He told us that

apartments had been prepared for us in the old palace, where we were to be the guests of royalty. "If you wait a moment here," he added, "you will see his Highness pass." We did so, and were rewarded by as romantic a sight as this prosy nineteenth century has to show. It was like a scene out of a medieval romance. The prince and all his *perianikes*, or body-guard, were in their beautiful national dress; the prince being distinguished from his retainers by a light blue mantle thrown over his shoulders. All of them—and they numbered a hundred—were splendid-looking fellows, but none of them surpassed their chief. He was a man of about thirty-five, six feet four in height, and acknowledged as the strongest and most muscular person in his dominions, which is saying a great deal. His face was open and frank, and usually wore a very sweet smile, which conferred on it a look of singular gentleness. "*E bello, il nostro principe?—eh?*" said our guide, in broken Italian, and we certainly agreed with him.

As we passed the prince and his body-guard, they saluted us with distinguished courtesy, and we continued our route to the hospitable quarters prepared for us, right glad to sit by a warm stove and forget the deep snow and bitter cold outside.

After an hour of this luxury, however, we summoned up our courage and determined to sally out and see some of the sights of the place. Close to our quarters, and overshadowing the public fountain, stands the "tree of justice," for Montenegro is a happy country that knows neither parliament nor law court, and where the people address all their appeals and grievances to the ear of the prince himself, who sits underneath the tree, and either decides between the disputants or refers them to the Montenegrin code of laws. During fine and open weather, people come from all the country round to consult their prince, his decision on any point, we were told, never being disputed. Capital punishment, in the form of shooting, is inflicted for murder. It was instituted by Danilo, to put an end to the *vendette* which existed, and which were transmitted from father to son and from family to family.

Imprisonment follows theft and acts of violence; but the longest term is seven years, during which time the condemned are allowed to go about in the daytime, and although marked men, they are trusted to go even as far as Cattaro. They have to pay so much a day for their keep, and are

sometimes employed on public works; the women receive no education, but are nevertheless subject to the same penalty and incarceration as men. Their ideas of morality are extremely strict, and any breach of decorum is visited with the greatest severity.

Next morning we were awakened betimes by violent storms of rain and wind, for a sou'-wester had set in, bringing with it a thaw. Nothing more dreary could be imagined than the view that greeted us from our bedroom window. A thick mist hung over everything, only allowing glimpses now and then of the wild-looking hills that surround the plain.

On the right rose a round tower, the one whereon Sir Gardiner Wilkinson on his visit to Montenegro had seen the row of Turks' heads hanging, and to which, at his intance, the *vladika* had removed. To the left lay the new palace, the residence of the prince, with its small piece of garden reclaimed from the surrounding waste, but presenting at that moment only the aspect of mud. Just imagine what were our feelings when, under such circumstances, we received an invitation which was equivalent to a command to dine with the prince that evening! How were we possibly to get across the flooded streets *en grande tenue*? For such a thing as a carriage has never been seen in Cetigne.

As we were in Montenegro, however, we felt we must do as the Montenegrins do. So, braving the elements, we mounted the little horses that had taken us up the Scala, and trotted across to our destination in time for seven o'clock dinner.

We were soon in the well-lighted, comfortable hall of the palace, where with great difficulty we disengaged ourselves of waterproofs and Ulsters; thence we were shown up-stairs between rows of servants in the national dress. After crossing a small but prettily furnished ante-room, with Eastern carpets and parquet floor, we were ushered into the prince's presence. Unfortunately the princess was too ill to appear, but he introduced us to a dear little fellow of seven, his son, who looked quite bewitching in his Montenegrin costume. The prince has this one son and six daughters. Prince Nicholas talks French with perfect fluency. He spent two years in France, and "all those two years I sighed to be back in Montenegro," he said; adding, "We Montenegrins suffer dreadfully from homesickness when we are away. There is no pleasure in the world to me like hunting the chamois or

the deer on my native hills, and feeling that I am amongst my own people."

After a very good dinner, followed by a capital talk, we took leave of our kind host, and returned to our own quarters. The next day the weather was so frightful that it was not possible to dream of returning. So we remained indoors, except when hunger forced us out to get our meals at the hotel. Sunday, however, was nice and bright, and although the ground was rather slippery, we decided on retracing our steps; so, accompanied by a number of the inhabitants who came to bid us farewell and godspeed, we set out on our six hours' journey home, highly delighted at having seen Montenegro, with its quaint institutions and half-civilized people, and wondering if it be destined to remain in the condition it now is, or to be the head at some future date of a large and powerful Slav principality in the heart of Europe.

THE INSURGENT CAMP.

CASTEL-NUOVO is situated at the entrance of the Bocche di Cattaro, on the border of the Austrian, and what used to be Turkish, territory; but the latter is now in the hands of the insurgents.

Castel-Nuovo itself is at present the headquarters of the Slav committee, and the whole town is in a state of excitement. The marketplace was full of fighting men, buying for Peko's and Socica's camp. The latter was stationed at about two hours' distance, the former two hours farther on. When we asked if we could visit them, "Nothing was easier," we were told; "as the ascent to Lutitz, their headquarters, although steep, was not long." At last, then, our wish to see the insurgent chiefs in their own camp, surrounded by the fighting portion of the Herzegovinians, was to be gratified. One of the poor fellows we had met in the hospital at Ragusa immediately offered his horse, and said "he would act as guide to the place." The only difficulty was how to procure a lady's saddle. Such a thing had never been heard of at Castel-Nuovo. We were not to be defeated in our object, however, and managed, with the help of our kind friend, to whom the horse belonged, to rig out a sort of affair, to which it was, at least, possible to hold on. Luckily, the head of the Slav committee at Castel-Nuovo was going to the camp himself that day, and he offered to accompany us and act as interpreter.

The road lay up a valley, with a mag-

nificent range of hills on either side. Their rugged sides and stony precipices made a sombre contrast to the bright valley we were traversing, with its olive-woods and vineyards, through which ran a little river, babbling over its rocky bed, as though its waters had never been dyed with the blood of the slain, as was the case in 1862, when the standard of revolt was the last time raised in this district. On we went, past the fort of Sutorina. In the distance, in front of us, a hill was pointed out to us, rising sheer out of the plain, on which the camp was situated. We turned our eyes towards it, as mariners do towards the light they have to steer for, until it got nearer and nearer, and at last we reached the foot of the ascent. The stiffest part of our journey then began. Our path lay straight up the side of the hill. It hardly deserved to be dignified by the name of path, for it had originally been the bed of a torrent, the rolling stones of which did not make a particularly comfortable footing for our little horses. Nevertheless, they began bravely to scramble up it, and, by dint of urging and shouting, we were landed in twenty minutes at the picturesque village of Lutitz, in and about which the insurgents were stationed.

All the animals, cows, pigs, horses, etc., which generally occupy the ground-floor of a Dalmatian cottage, had been turned out on to the hillside, and their domiciles were occupied by Socica's followers. He himself had his quarters in the "pope's" or "priest's" house. Here we were welcomed by a vast amount of firing and hurrahing.

Knowing the extreme shortness of ammunition in the camp, we suggested to Socica, after a few rounds, that we had had quite enough. "My men have not heard the sound of a rifle for a few days," he said, "and are quite delighted at the opportunity." What a wild set of fellows they were, as they stood around their chief! We might have imagined ourselves in some robber's fastness of the Middle Ages. They were dressed in all sorts of costumes; some in the blue baggy trousers of the Turk, taken in battle, the cartouch-box ornamented with the crescent; others keeping to the white flannel jerkin of their country. All looked well and healthy, and in first-rate condition, although our friend, the head of the Slav committee, assured us they had not eaten meat for a week.

"Garibaldi offered to send us up some volunteers," he said, "but they were no

good at all. They required meat every second day, whereas our men would march from here to Belgrade on a little maize bread."

There is no doubt about it, this is one of the great secrets of their success, and of the strength of the insurrection. The Turkish troops die right and left of the privations they have to undergo in this wild country, whereas the Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, who think nothing of walking fifteen miles for a drink of water, and back again, seem to thrive better for the hardships they suffer.

No emperor welcoming his guests could have shown higher breeding than Socica, who came forward to receive us, introduced us to all his friends and companions in arms, and then begged us to enter the house. The room we were shown into evidently served as bedroom for about a dozen of his staff, and as a banquetting-hall for every one, for on the table were spread out the principal luxuries the place afforded—black bread, raw mutton, smoked, and goats' cheese. The atmosphere was not sweet, and we begged that one of the windows might be opened: sitting down by it, and looking away over the most beautiful view of mountain and valley as far as Sutorina and the Bocche, we listened to these wild mountaineers, as they told the story of their wrongs, and insisted on the uselessness of Andrassy or any one else trying to patch up the quarrel between them and their oppressors.

Socica is a man of much more refinement and education than his colleagues. He held a leading position at Piva, where he had amassed a certain amount of money, with which he had to fly, to prevent the rapacious Turk from seizing it. When the insurrection broke out, he gave his life and money to the cause. His wife and family are at Montenegro, and he and they will never be able to return to the Herzegovina as long as the Moslem remains in possession. "But," as he told us, "that could make little pecuniary difference, for before his flight he had been obliged to dispose of all his property." He introduced us to a brother chief, Melentia, who was a priest, but, like all the servants of the gospel in this country, was ready to fight as well as preach. Nothing was talked about but the war, and the prospect of the coming campaign in the spring. One of the things that struck us most was the slender resources on which the insurrection existed, and the indomitable energy and courage that must animate the chiefs, to enable them to succeed

in defying the Ottoman power with a handful of men and the miserable supply of provisions at their disposal.

After luncheon we went outside, where, after half an hour, we were joined by Peko, Phillipovich, and Vukalovich, and one or two other heads of the movement. All of them were manly, rough-looking fellows, but it was only Peko who gave us the least idea of intellectual force. His massive head and jaw seemed made to command, and, judging by the way he was listened to, his fellow-countrymen thought the same. His reputation as a warrior would of itself entitle him to respect, for he is a man who is now about sixty, and during the course of his life has fought sixty-two battles. What particularly excited their ire was the Andrassy note. "As if," they said, "Turkey could carry out any promised reforms? As well ask a dead tree to bear fruit." Nothing will induce these people to go back to their homes, unless they have a surer guarantee than Turkey seems inclined to give. Their dream, of course, is to have a Slav principality in the centre of Europe, under a prince of their own choosing; but this, we fear, they will never be allowed to realize. They therefore ask, for the present, to be put on the footing of Serbia, only paying a tax to Turkey; and this they might be able to achieve, if not interfered with by one of the greater powers.

The understanding between the chiefs and their followers seems complete, for whatever Peko said in his dry, funny way, was always greeted with a murmur of assent. There is said to be some jealousy between him and Socica; but of this we could discern nothing, as they were extremely cordial to one another in manner.

As the shadows grew longer, and evening came on, we thought it as well to prepare for our return. Peko and Socica insisted on riding back with us as far as the Austrian frontier. It was a procession that would have astonished Rotten Row. In front rode the two chiefs, whilst behind we were escorted by a number of their followers, whose horses plunged and kicked in a most uncomfortable manner for me, stuck as I was on my insecure sidesaddle.

At last we came to the place where we had to part, and with many wishes for the success of the cause on the one hand, and thanks for our visit and hopes for our speedy return on the other, we bade adieu to these brave fellows.

"Tell every one in England," said Peko, "that we are fighting for our homes and

hearths; and beg them not to support the Turk any longer."

From Chambers' Journal.

LIGHTNING-PRINTS.

VERY curious results are sometimes produced by lightning, calculated to incite wonderment in the minds of persons unversed in the phenomena of electricity, and to set scientific men thinking and experimenting on the probable causes of these appearances. Of the destruction of ships and houses by lightning we do not speak, nor of the more lamentable cases in which persons have been struck dead by such visitations. The phenomena more immediately in view are *lightning figures* or pictures, impressions burnt into the surface of the object struck, and presenting resemblances concerning which fancy has been allowed to draw fanciful conclusions.

Marks, remarkably tree-like, have sometimes been found on the bodies of persons struck by lightning. MM. Bossut and Leroy, in 1786, reported to the *Académie des Sciences* a case of this kind, and accounted for it by supposing that the lightning in its passage through the body had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, and thus all the ramifications of these vessels were visible on the surface. Arago adopted a similar explanation, in regard to a case which occurred in France much more recently: two persons standing near a poplar-tree were struck by lightning, and on the breast of each were found marks closely resembling the branchlets of the poplar.

More strictly belonging to those instances in which the lightning-marks resemble familiar objects is one that occurred in a Somersetshire village in 1812. One version of the story is, that "six sheep reposing in a meadow surrounded by woods were killed by lightning; and when the skins were taken from the animals, a facsimile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin." The other version is that, about turnip-sowing time, a farmer and his men were engaged in the fields, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on, and three out of four valuable rams, which had taken shelter under a tree, were killed; when the skins reached the fellmonger, on the inside of each was found depicted a very accurate representation of the tree under which the

animals had sought refuge. Although differing in details, these two accounts probably relate to the same occurrence; the latter is perhaps more credible than the former, seeing that we can more readily believe an impression of a *tree* than of a *landscape* being thus produced.

In 1846, at Graham's Town in South Africa, a flash of lightning struck the gable of a powder-mill. The building contained a store of twelve tons of gunpowder, in copper-bound barrels packed in a cluster about four feet from the wall. The lightning ran along the wall of the gable, beneath the floor, and out under the door-sill. The mark of the flash, zigzag in shape, and directed at an angle of about eighty degrees, was plainly visible on the whitewashed wall of the magazine, resembling in color the stain produced by the explosion of a very light train of powder; and a small hole or crack was made in the arch where it entered. There was no tree-mark or mystical mark here; the mark produced was evidently the zigzag path of the lightning itself.

Signor Orioli brought before a scientific congress at Naples four narratives relating to lightning-prints. In the first, lightning struck the foremast of the brigantine "Santo Buon Servo" in the Bay of Arriero; a sailor sitting under the mast was struck dead, and on his back was found an impression of a horseshoe, similar to one fixed at the masthead. In the second, a sailor, in a somewhat similar position, was struck by a lightning-flash on the left breast with an impression of the number 44; an almost exact representative of a number 44 that was at the extremity of one of the masts. In the third, a young man was found struck by lightning; he had on a girdle with some gold coins in it; and images of these were imprinted on his skin in the order they occupied in the girdle. In the fourth, an Italian lady of Lugano was sitting near a window during a thunderstorm, and was struck, though in a way scarcely conscious to herself at the time; a flower which happened to be in the path of the lightning was perfectly reproduced or printed on her leg, where it remained permanently.

Among the thunderstorms described as having occurred in the West Indies, one, in 1852, was rendered remarkable by this phenomenon: a poplar-tree in a coffee-plantation was struck by lightning, and on one of the large dry leaves was found imprinted an exact representation of some pine-trees that stood three or four hun-

dred yards distant. Whether this was really an "exact representation," or the product of an excited imagination not well controlled by accurate judgment, is just the point which we cannot determine; the markings on the leaf may have been only the natural zigzagging of the lightning.

In 1853, a little girl was standing at a window, near which stood a young maple-tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree, or both, and an image of the tree was found imprinted on her body. In another instance, a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning-flash struck the tree; the boy fell to the ground, and "on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of its branches, appeared very conspicuously."

Scientific journals, as well as those of more popular character, contain a rich store of incidents more or less similar to the above. Dr. Franklin stated in 1786, that, about twenty years previously, a man who was standing opposite a tree that had just been struck by lightning (or as he called it, by a thunderbolt), found on his breast an exact representation of that tree. M. Poey, who has treated this subject somewhat fully in the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of lightning-impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of those, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles, or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horseshoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair.

There is no mention, so far as we are aware, of any imprinting on the bodies of the two hapless lovers mentioned by Gay; but a very little exercise of the imagination, aided by an element of credulity, would have sufficed to produce imaginary crosses, hearts, or trees. Those who know the story will remember that Pope and Gay were visiting at Stanton-Harcourt in 1718; that Gay described the incident in one of his letters; and that Pope memorialized it in verse. Two rustic lovers, John Hewit and Sarah Drew, about a week before the day fixed for their wedding, were at work with other harvesters in a field. A storm of thunder and lightning came on in the afternoon, and the laborers hastened for shelter to the trees and hedges. Sarah Drew, frightened and dismayed, fell in a swoon on a heap of barley, and John Hewit raked up some

more barley, to shield her from the cruel blast: while thus engaged, an intensely vivid flash appeared; the barley was seen to smoke, and there lay the two lovers, he with one arm around her neck, and the other arm over her, as if to screen her from the lightning. Both were dead: her left eye was injured, and a black spot produced on her breast; while he was blackened nearly all over. Pope's epitaph on the hapless couple is engraved on a stone in the parish church of Stanton-Harcourt.

In all probability, no *one* explanation will apply to these several cases. The descriptions require to be examined closely; and they meet with the most consistent solution by separating them into groups. There is in the first place a love of the marvellous which induces some persons to stretch the truth in order to make up a striking story. Not habitually untruthful, they nevertheless yield to the temptation of so rounding off a narrative as to cause hearers and by-standers to make exclamations of the "Good gracious!" kind. Other persons, repeating what Jack told Dick that Sam had heard Bob say to Bill, do not reflect how much a story gathers as it travels from mouth to mouth, until the final version bears but slight resemblance to the original. In another group of instances, a physiological agency of much importance has to be taken into account. Persons of nervous and excitable temperament, when under the influence of strong mental agitation, have been known to receive marks on some part of the body or limbs, corresponding in shape to the object which they were thinking of at the time; this is known to have occurred in other domains of human feeling; and there is nothing impossible in the occurrence of a similar phenomenon when the mind and the body are alike exposed to the action of a lightning-stroke. This was probably the case in regard to a French peasant-girl—one of the instances noticed by Poe. While tending a cow in a field, a storm came on; she took refuge under a tree; the cow fell dead from a stroke of lightning; the girl loosened her dress, that she might breathe more freely when nearly choked with agitation; and then she saw a picture of the cow imprinted on her breast. We give this story the credit of being truthfully told, and assign as the probable cause of the phenomenon a co-operation between a lightning-stroke and a vivid mental or nervous activity.

Where metal is concerned, the production of images or facsimiles may result more immediately from this rush of electricity which constitutes the passage of lightning. Wherever metal lies in the path, the flash takes that route in preference to one through wood, brick, or stone; but if the metal be discontinuous or interrupted, strange markings are often produced on neighboring substances, similar in shape to the piece of metal just traversed. This *may* have been the case in the accident which befell a young man in Cuba in 1828; after a lightning-flash, he found on his neck an imprint of a horseshoe, similar to one nailed up on the window of a house near him. If the ornaments were of brass or some other metal, we might perhaps place in the same category the narrative (one of those given by Poe) of a lady, at her château of Benattonnière in La Vendée; she was seated in her *salon*, in November 1830, when a storm came on; lightning appeared, and on the back of her dress was imprinted a facsimile of some ornaments on the back of a chair against which she was leaning.

There is every reason to believe, lastly, that many of the markings are nothing more than results of the forked zigzag course of the lightning itself. Mr. Tomlinson, in his interesting volume "The Thunderstorm," has gone somewhat fully into this subject. He had had occasion to observe the manner in which the disruptive discharge of electricity, from an electrical machine, marks out its path over a badly conducting surface, such as glass, and was struck by the tree-like impression produced. He gives a wood-cut representation of a surface struck by the flash or spark of a small Leyden jar; and it is impossible to avoid seeing how strikingly the markings assume the form of a tree. The probability is pointed out, that, in cases where persons struck by lightning have had tree-like marks imprinted on their persons, they have been hastily considered to be real images of actual trees close at hand. It may, moreover, be observed that some persons, when struck by lightning, have received blue marks or bruises; these may put on a ramified appearance, "not only from the irregular mode in which electricity travels about in search of the line of least resistance, but also from the smaller vessels becoming congested, and consequently visible."

A REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON AT CEYLON.—The Rev. R. Abbay sent a communication on this subject to the Physical Society, May 27. In speaking of several of these phenomena he says that the most striking is witnessed from the summit of Adam's Peak, which is a mountain rising extremely abruptly from the low country to an elevation of seventy-two hundred feet above the sea. The phenomenon referred to is seen at sunrise, and consists apparently of an elongated shadow of the mountain, projecting westward to a distance of about seventy miles. As the sun rises higher it rapidly approaches the mountain, and appears at the same time to rise above the observer in the form of a gigantic pyramid of shadow. Distant objects may be seen through it, so that it is not really a shadow on the land, but a veil of darkness between the peak and the low country. It continues to rapidly approach and rise until it seems to fall back upon the observer, like a ladder which has been reared beyond the vertical, and the next instant it is gone. Mr. Abbay suggests the following explanation of the phenomenon:—The average temperature at night in the low country during the dry season is between 70° and 80° F., and that at the summit of the peak is 30° or 40° F.; consequently, the low strata of air are much the less dense, and an almost horizontal ray of light passing over the summit must be refracted upwards and suffer total internal reflection, as in an ordinary mirage. On this supposition the veil must become more and more vertical as the rays fall less horizontally, and this will continue until they reach the critical angle, when total internal reflection ceases, and it suddenly disappears. Its apparent tilting over on the spectator is probably an illusion, produced by the rapid approach and the rising of the dark veil without any gradual disappearance which can be watched and estimated. It will be evident that the illumination of the innumerable particles floating in the atmosphere causes the aerial shadow to be visible by contrast. Another interesting phenomenon visible in the mountain districts admits of an equally simple explanation. At times broad beams apparently of bluish light, may be seen extending from the zenith downwards, converging as they approach the horizon. The spaces between them have the ordinary illumination of the rest of the sky. If we suppose, as is frequently the case, that the lower strata of air are colder than the upper, the reflection spoken of in the case of Adam's Peak will be downwards instead of upwards. If several isolated masses of clouds partially obscure the sun, we may have several corresponding inverted veils of darkness, like blue rays in the sky, all apparently converging towards the same point below the horizon. This latter phenomenon is called by the natives "Buddha's rays."

Popular Science Review.

PERIODICITY OF HURRICANES.—Vice-Admiral Fleuriot de Langle has published in the two last numbers of the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* a long discussion on the periodicity of cyclones in all parts of the world. The paper seems to have been first read at the Geographical Conference in Paris last autumn. M. de Langle seeks to connect these storms directly with astronomical phenomena, as will be seen from the conclusions which he gives in the following sentences:—

We may deduce from the preceding investigations that when the latitude of the place, the declination of the sun or the moon resume the same values respectively, and these phenomena coincide with an eclipse of the sun or the moon, or with a phase of the moon, on its approach to its apogee or perigee, there is danger of a hurricane. If at these critical periods there is any unsteadiness in the winds, extra caution is required when the apogee or perigee occurs near the time of full or new moon.

Of course, the statements are corroborated by a copious array of diagrams and tables, but after a careful study of the paper we fail to find that much has been added to our knowledge of the subject. There seems to be one radical defect in the reasoning, which influences all discussions of the relation between the moon and the weather. The hour of occurrence of a phenomenon at one station is taken, and the relation of that occurrence to the moon's age and position is investigated; but it is persistently ignored that the hurricane moves over the earth's surface, so that if its occurrence at A coincides with the period of any other phenomenon, it must necessarily fail to coincide with it at B.

IRON, on the authority of the Icelandic paper *Nordlingr*, states that two enterprising Icelanders, named Jow Thorkellsson and Sigundur Kraksson, have explored the volcanic region of the Dygyur Jelden. They started on their hazardous expedition from the Bardadal on Feb. 7, and in the course of their two days' exploration they succeeded, under great difficulties and dangers, in descending into the crater of the volcano Asya, where, at about three thousand feet below the upper margin, they reached the bottom, and found themselves on the brink of a lake of seething hot water, which was apparently of great depth. Near the southern extremity of this lake the ground was broken up by fissures and pools, which prevented further progress in that direction, while the entire space resounded with the noise of loud subterranean thunder. North of the great crater the explorers found an opening about six hundred feet wide, which appeared to be of about equal depth, from which issued dense masses of sulphurous smoke, accompanied by loud and deafening sounds.